



No. 1.—VOL. I. { NEW
MANAGEMENT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1867.

ONE PENNY.

"DEAD ACRE: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE," BY C. H. ROSS, IS COMMENCED IN THIS NUMBER.



SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., SCULPTOR OF THE LIONS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE. (See Page 11.)

THE TALKING HOUSE.
BY THE PARLIAMENTARY PUNDIT.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN ON TUESDAY.

This gala day turned out a miserable failure for the eight-seers. The rain came down briskly for a great portion of the day, and drizzled the rest of the time. *Aquarius* is a remorseless enemy to shows, in this country, and very recently so damped the patriotic fire of the Reformers, that 200,000 dwindled down to a paltry 25,000 who filed past the patriot Pott'r with very dirty boots. On Tuesday the animal spirits of *al fresco* cockaine were similarly damped. There was no loyal enthusiasm, no cheering—though we expected to read, nevertheless, in the Morning Toady a grandiloquent description of the demonstration on the part of her most gracious Majesty's steaming people—and the only token of the bustle at the Talking House was the occasional booming of the howitzers, which set you a wondering how the military contrived to keep their powder dry.

Early on Tuesday morning numbers of workmen were busily engaged through the entire route of the procession propping up doubtful balconies, building stands, and preparing windows for the accommodation of persons desirous of viewing the national pageant. At an early hour, too, there were many holiday-makers abroad, and a sprinkling of hawkers of fruit and penny wonders, which began to look like jollity. But in a few hours the wind shifted and the weather changed, and towards mid-day the West-end was as empty of foot-passengers as it usually is upon a wet day. The only sign of holiday time was an occasional tawdry dress hanging limp and scorchless about the wearer, so suddenly disenchanted of the fond illusion created by the genial sunshine that it was nearer Easter than Christmas.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

In again returning to your advice and assistance, I am happy to inform you that my relations with foreign powers are on a friendly and satisfactory footing.

I hope that the termination of the war in which Prussia, Austria, and Italy have been engaged, may lead to the establishment of a durable peace in Europe.

I have suggested to the Government of the United States a mode by which questions pending between the two countries, arising out of the civil war, may receive an amicable solution, and which it met, as I trust it will be, in a corresponding spirit, will remove all grounds of possible misunderstanding, and promote relations of cordial friendship.

The war between Spain and the Republics of Chili and Peru still continues, the good offices of my Government, in conjunction with that of the Emperor of the French, having failed to effect a reconciliation. If either by agreement between the parties themselves, or by the mediation of any other friendly power, peace shall be restored, the object which I have had in view will be equally attained.

Discontent prevailing in some provinces of the Turkish Empire has broken out in actual insurrection in Crete. In common with my allies, the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Russia, I have abstained from any active interference in these internal disturbances; but our joint efforts have been directed to bringing about improved relations between the Porte and its Christian subjects, not inconsistent with the Sovereign rights of the Sultan.

The protracted negotiations which arose out of the acceptance, by Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, of the Government of the Danubian Principalities have been happily terminated by an arrangement to which the Porte has given its ready adhesion, and which has been sanctioned by the concurrence of all the Powers, signatories of the treaty of 1856.

Resolutions in favour of a more intimate union of the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, have been passed by their several legislatures, and delegates duly authorised, and representing all classes of colonial party and opinion, have concurred in the conditions upon which such an union may be best effected. In accordance with their wishes a bill will be submitted to you which, by the consolidation of colonial interest and resources, will give strength to the several provinces as members of the same empire, and animated by feelings of loyalty to the same sovereign.

I have heard with deep sorrow that the calamity of famine has pressed heavily on my subjects in some parts of India. Instructions were issued to my Government in that country to make the utmost exertions to mitigate the distress which prevailed during the autumn of last year. The blessing of an abundant harvest has since that time materially improved the condition of the suffering districts.

The persevering efforts and unscrupulous assertions of treasonable conspirators abroad have, during the last autumn, excited the hopes of some disaffected persons in Ireland, and the apprehensions of the loyal population; but the firm, yet temperate exercise of the powers entrusted to the Executive, and the hostility manifested against the conspiracy by men of all classes and creeds, have greatly tended to restore public confidence, and have rendered hopeless any attempt to disturb the general tranquillity. I trust that you may consequently be enabled to dispense with the continuance of any exceptional legislation for that part of my dominions.

I acknowledge, with deep thankfulness to Almighty God, the great decrease which has taken place in the cholera, and in the pestilence which has attacked our cattle; but the continued prevalence of the latter in some foreign countries, and its occasional reappearance in this, will still render necessary some special measures of precaution; and I trust that the visitation of the former will lead to increased attention to these sanitary measures which experience has shown to be the best preventive.

Estimating as of the highest importance an adequate supply of pure and wholesome water, I have directed the issue of a commission to inquire into the best means of permanently securing such a supply for the metropolis, and for the principal towns in densely-populated districts of the kingdom.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

I have directed the estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you. They have been prepared with due regard to economy, and to the requirements of the public service.

You will, I am assured, give your ready assent to a moderate expenditure calculated to improve the condition of my soldiers, and to lay the foundation of an efficient army of reserve.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Your attention will again be called to the state of the representation of the people in Parliament; and I trust that your deliberations, conducted in a spirit of moderation and mutual forbearance, may lead to the adoption of measures which, without unduly disturbing the balance of political power, shall freely extend the elective franchise.

The frequent occurrence of disagreements between employers of labour and their workmen, causing much private suffering and public loss, and occasionally leading, as is alleged, to acts of outrage and violence, has induced me to issue a Commission to inquire into, and report upon, the organization of Trades' Unions, and other associations, whether of workmen or employers, with power to suggest any improvement of the law for their mutual benefit. Application will be made to you for Parliamentary powers, which will be necessary to make this inquiry effective.

I have directed bills to be laid before you for the extension of the beneficial provisions of the Factory Acts to other trades specially reported on by the Royal Commission on the employment of children; and for the better regulation, according to the principle of those Acts, of workshop, where women and children are largely employed.

The condition of the mercantile marine has attracted my serious attention. Complaints are made that the supply of seamen is deficient; and the provisions for their health and discipline on board ship are imperfect. Measures will be submitted to you with a view to increase the efficiency of this important service.

I have observed with satisfaction the relaxations recently introduced into the navigation laws of France. I have expressed to the Emperor of the French my readiness to submit to Parliament a proposal for the extinction, on equitable terms, of the exemptions from local charges on shipping, which are still enjoyed by a limited number of individuals in British ports; and his Imperial Majesty has, in anticipation of this step, already admitted British ships to the advantage of the new law. A bill upon this subject will forthwith be laid before you.

A bill will also be submitted to you for making better provision for the arrangement of the affairs of railway companies which are unable to meet their engagements.

Measures will be submitted to you for improving the management of sick and other poor in the metropolis, and for a redistribution of some of the charges for relief therin.

Your attention will also be called to the amendment of the Law of Bankruptcy; to the consolidation of the Courts of Probate and Divorce and Admiralty; and to the means of disposing, with greater despatch and frequency, of the increasing business in the superior courts of common law and at the assizes.

The relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland have engaged my anxious attention, and a bill will be laid before you which, without interfering with the rights of property, will offer direct encouragement to occupiers of land to improve their holdings, and provide a simple mode of obtaining compensation for permanent improvements.

I commend to your careful consideration these and other measures which will be brought before you; and I pray that your labours may, under the blessing of Providence, conduce to the prosperity of the country and the happiness of my people.

PROGRESS OF THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

Upwards of three hundred bales and packages have arrived at Havre from New York for this ever-recurring Universal Exhibition. They contain, among other objects, complete sets of ambulances for the wounded in battle, with all their provision of instruments and surgical and medical appliances; also the materials for constructing and furnishing military hospitals, such as were in use during the late war. These will be, just now, very interesting to the excited mind of Europe—a state of mind which has nightmares of armaments and dreams daily of breech-loaders.

English Fistiana is to be represented by Messrs. Mace, Goss, and several minor stars of the ring, who will give several boxing séances for the edification of the Parisians.

A meeting of the committee, appointed by her Majesty's commissioners for the Paris Exhibition for the representation of the history of labour before 1800, was held at the South Kensington Museum. Present: Earl Stanhope (in the chair), Earl of Warwick, Earl Cadogan, Hon. Ashley Ponsonby, Hon. Reginald Sackville-West, Sir Harry Verney, Bart., M. P., Sir Coutts Lindsey, Bart., Very Rev. Dr. Rock, Master of Merchant Taylors' Company, R. Godwin Austin, Esq., Lieut.-Col. Palmer, Rev. James Beck, M.A., the secretaries of the committee, attended. H. Cole, Esq. C.B., secretary to Her Majesty's commissioners, was also present.

At the International Theatre of the Exhibition the British Lyric drama will be represented by the late W. Vincent Wallace's (*Mari-tana*).

The Exhibition at Melbourne has been visited by 93,056 persons in its first month. This number is equal to nearly a sixth of the entire population of Victoria. May the Paris Exhibition be proportionately successful.

TRAGIC OCCURRENCE AT INGLETON.—A terrible accident took place in the Backgate, between eight and nine o'clock on Saturday night, which caused the death of Mrs. Robinson, generally known as "neat Guyer," a very quiet and credulous woman between sixty and seventy years of age. It has been a practice for a long time for some of the young men of the village, for the sake of fun, to tell her all kinds of tales, and to threaten to shoot her. Only a short time before the accident which has ended in her death occurred, she said in a neighbour's house, referring to those wicked threats, "They have only three days to shoot me in." She went into the house of Mrs. Clapham, whose husband has left Ingleton. Mrs. Clapham, with three young women from Bentham, were taking tea, and Robert Atkinson and Matthias Carr. She had not been in the house many minutes when Atkinson raised his hands to reach a double-barrelled gun, which was suspended on the side of the beam, and said, "Neat, I'll shoot thee." Mrs. Clapham said, "No, thou mustn't, for I don't know whether it is charged or not," when he withdrew his hands and walked on one side. Matthias Carr immediately jumped from his chair and said, "I'll get the gun and shoot thee, Neat," Mrs. Clapham sprang from her seat to check him, but he got the gun down. It came in contact with the head of a young woman. Mr. Robinson seized him, but he got from her and the gun went off, the contents of one barrel lodging in the right side of her head and nearly emptying the skull of its brains, which were scattered on the floor. When the gun went off Carr was near the stairs, Mrs. Robinson was near the door, and Atkinson, who was standing by her side, had his waistcoat bespattered with blood and brains. The poor victim lies with her head towards the door where she fell, a terrible sight, and the house is closed to await the coroner's inquest. Mr. Carr, who is in a terrible state of mind, and said that he had no thought that the gun was loaded, was immediately apprehended. The sad event has created the greatest excitement in the village.

SOCIETY:

ITS FACTS AND ITS RUMOURS.

The Queen will, on Wednesday, the 27th inst., hold a court at Buckingham Palace, at which her Majesty will receive the Corps Diplomatique, the members of her Majesty's Cabinet, and other official personages, with their families, to whom notifications of her Majesty's gracious intention will be sent by the Lord Chamberlain.

The rumour that her Majesty will this season appear in public more than she has been pleased to since the death of the Prince Consort is gladly received by Society generally and the trading community especially. The great attraction at Paris this season, it is expected, will take so many persons from London that some great counter attraction here is indeed necessary.

We have good reason to state that the Queen will hold, during the ensuing season, at Buckingham Palace, five courts for the reception and presentation of a certain number of ladies and gentlemen. In order to avoid fatigue to her Majesty, the number of ladies and gentlemen attending each court will be limited to 260. Her Majesty's courts will be held on the 7th, 14th, and 23rd of March, the 2nd of April, and a day to be hereafter fixed in the month of June. The regulations will be the same as last year. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales will, after Easter, hold, on behalf of her Majesty, two drawing-rooms at St. James's Palace to receive those who cannot be included at her Majesty's courts under the above regulations. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will, as last year, hold levees at St. James's Palace on her Majesty's behalf. The first levee will be in the first week in March.

On Monday afternoon the Queen, accompanied by the Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Royal suite, left Osborne after luncheon, and embarked on board the Queen's yacht for the Clarence Victualling-yard at Gosport. The party, on landing, were received by the naval and military officers of the harbour, and conducted to the special train, which was provided by the directors of the London and South-Western Railway. A large number of spectators assembled round the Gosport Station, and the entrance to the yard, and saw the train leave the terminus at 3.32 p.m. On quitting Gosport, the route of the Royal train was over the South-Western Railway via Fareham and Botley to Bishopstoke. It reached Windsor per the Great Western Railway about six o'clock. In the terminus yard at Windsor several of the Royal carriages from the castle mews were drawn up, while upon the down platform there was the usual crowd of spectators and townspeople. Captain Bulkeley, director, and Mr. Alfred Higgins, divisional superintendent, were in attendance, the requisite preparations for the Royal reception being under the supervision of Mr. Dawson, the station agent. Her Majesty, as she stepped forth from the Royal saloon, bowed very graciously to the bystanders, and, entering the carriage, at once drove to the Castle, the other members of the Royal family and suite following. The Queen slept at the Castle on Monday night, and the following morning proceeded to London, travelling from Windsor by special train.

Her Majesty returned to Windsor at 5.35 on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday left there for Osborne. The Court stays at Osborne until the 20th inst.

On the 2nd Her Majesty held a council which was attended by the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Bradford, the Earl of Malmsbury, and Sir John Pakington. Mr. Helps was clerk of the council. After the council the Queen, attended by the Princess Louise, entered the drawing-room. The Duke of Richmond was introduced by the Lord Chamberlain (Sir Charles Young attending). Captain Bulkeley, director, and Mr. Alfred Higgins, divisional superintendent, were in attendance, the requisite preparations for the Royal reception being under the supervision of Mr. Dawson, the station agent. Her Majesty, as she stepped forth from the Royal saloon, bowed very graciously to the bystanders, and, entering the carriage, at once drove to the Castle, the other members of the Royal family and suite following. The Queen slept at the Castle on Monday night, and the following morning proceeded to London, travelling from Windsor by special train.

On the 2nd H. R. H. the Prince of Wales left the Duke of Sutherland's seat at Trentham, after a stay of five days. On the day before his Royal Highness's departure a ball was given to the servants at the Hall, at which the royal guest was present.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, with a numerous suite, honoured the New Royalty Theatre with their presence on Monday evening.

We are in a position to announce positively that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales will take up his residence for a portion of the year in Ireland; at present we cannot make public minuter particulars.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has graciously condescended to preside at the 152nd Anniversary Festival of the Welsh Charity on the 1st of March next.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and a numerous suite, honoured the New Royalty Theatre with their presence on Monday evening.

The Prince of Leiningen, Earl and Countess Cowley, and Admiral Sir Thomas Pasley dined with the Queen and Royal family at Osborne on the 2nd inst.

Lord Charles Fitzroy succeeds Lieutenant-General the Hon. Charles Grey as equerry in waiting to her Majesty the Queen.

Major Teesdale succeeds Major Grey as equerry in waiting to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. We understand that Captain Arthur Ellis, of the Grenadier Guards, is about to be appointed an equerry in waiting to the Prince.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, attended by Lady Geraldine Somerset and Colonel Home Purves, arrived at her residence at St. James's Palace on Monday from Cambridge Cottage, Kew, for the season.

The new baronet, Sir James Emerson Tennent, will retire from his post of Secretary to the Board of Trade, while Mr. T. H. Farrer, formerly Assistant Secretary for the Marine Department, is appointed sole permanent Secretary.

It is stated in Paris that the Sultan of Turkey is about to establish a Parliament in Constantinople upon the same principle as that which has just been formed by the Viceroy of Egypt.

Mr. Henry Thurston Holland has been appointed legal adviser to the Colonial Office.

It was notified in due form on the 2nd inst. that the Earl of Carligan, after having attended the dinners given by the leaders of the Conservative party for a long series of years, was under the necessity of sending an excuse to the Earl of Derby's invitation for the 4th inst.

On dit that the Count Guéronnière is occupied in writing a *brouchure*, the tendency of which will be decidedly anti-Prussian.

The 1st of Sir Edward C. Kerrison, Bart., one of the representatives in Parliament of the Eastern Division of Suffolk, has failed so seriously that, on the recommendation of his medical advisers, he has resigned his seat.

The recent absence of Baron Martin from the Court of Exchequer arose from the death of his brother, who held a legal office under the Crown in the North of Ireland.

The late Dowager Countess of Jersey's fortune and estates have been bequeathed to the present Earl of Jersey, who is now pursuing his studies at Oxford.

The Bishop of London, who seems to have nearly recovered from his recent illness, has presided over a meeting of clergy and laity at London House on the subject of Diocesan education.

A proposition has been made to the French Government to reduce the import duty on horses and carriages introduced into France by the English visitors to the Paris Exhibition.

The St. James's Club, in St. James's-street, is about to be remodelled.

A highly diverting piece of scandal is going the round of the West-end clubs. The Hon. C.—, who has, for the last three months, been engaged to Lady Adela—, quarrelled, a few days since, with his fiancée. It was merely a "lover's quarrel," but Lady Adela (who is an excellent actress) heightened the effect of the "scene" by returning to her future husband the letters she had received from him. On the next day there was an awful "row"—by some unlucky mistake, her ladyship had put into the hands of her jealous swain the notes sent to her by Captain —, of the — Dragoon Guards!

Sir Patrick Grant is determined to show that in governing Jamaica he will not be influenced by the feelings evinced by the whites towards people of colour. He has appointed Mr. Benjamin Reid, a black gentleman who was formerly a slave on Chesterfield estate, to be a member of the road and municipal board of the district of Vere in connection with Mr. McKinnon, the custos, and other gentlemen of the locality. Mr. Reid is said to be eminently qualified for a seat on the board.

OUR OPERA GLASS.

The burlesque of *Faust* has been withdrawn from the Olympic, and the veteran playwright Planché's *Romantic Idea* has been produced. This comic drama—actually of the extravaganza genus—ages some twenty-five years, having been produced at the Lyceum when Madame Vestris held the management. The action, of the old Coburg type, takes place in the dream of a young German author, who falls asleep among the ruins of a castle. During his nap the scene is changed—the ruins are "rehabilitated"; the host of the tavern where he is staying becomes a melodramatic count, the pretty hostess a lady, and the dreamer himself the long lost son. After some outrageous action, the dream disperses with all its train; and the student returning to the inn induces his host to consent to the union of a loving pair, in the person of his niece and his waiter. The piece is not remarkable for much wit or fun, but the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, Mr. Addison, Miss E. Farren, and Mr. Dominick Murray, give it a quasi interest which will probably last until the management has procured some fare more substantial and more suited to the requirements of the time.

We hope to be treated to a revival of some of Charles Matthews' farces at this house, *Out of Sight, out of Mind*, and *Number On round the Corner*, have not been seen, we believe, by our great comedian's admirers for a considerable time.

SURREY THEATRE.—The romantic drama of *The Brigand*, which Mr. Planché cleverly adapted from a French piece called *Le Bandit*, held in high estimation by the Parisian public of thirty-eight years ago, was on Saturday night represented on this stage with the care due to a revival of some significance. As Alessandro Massaroni, the brigand chief with whom the memory of James Wallack will remain inseparable associated in the minds of all mature playgoers, Mr. Creswick made his re-appearance after an interval of some weeks, and his enthusiastic reception from an audience densely filling every portion of this capacious and commodious theatre was a renewed recognition of popularity which he has here so long enjoyed. The audacity and chivalry of the bold and generous leader of the lawless band found in Mr. Creswick a most effective exponent, and the interesting plot and ingeniously constructed situations of the drama firmly secured the attention of the spectators, whilst the merits of their favourite actor were vigorously acknowledged. The brigand's song of "Gentle Zitella," which pedestrians of a previous generation were so frequently invited "to tarry and hear" at every street corner, is rendered by Mr. Creswick with a conscientious regard to its traditional importance as a dramatic as well as a vocal embellishment of the part; and the trick played on the griping old steward of St. Arnulph, and the effrontery of Massaroni in appearing as a distinguished nobleman in the villa of the Prince Bianchi, who has offered a large reward for the brigand's apprehension, would seem to be as heartily appreciated as ever. The original music is retained; the realisations of Eastlake's well-known pictures are faithfully followed in the pictorial tableau; and Miss E. Webster as Ottavia, and Miss G. Pauncefort as Marie Grazie, duly preserve the prettiness of the governor's niece and the picturesqueness of the bandit's wife. As a prelude to a bright and bustling pantomime, distinguished by a singularly elaborate transformation scene, the revival of *The Brigand* will be found an acceptable addition to the lively holiday entertainment with which Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick have feasted their numerous visitors.

Egyptian Hall.—Of the many entertainments of magic and mystery that have been presented to the public of late years, the one at the Egyptian Hall, ever since it was first opened by Colonel Stodare, has held rank as the best. The wondrous Sphynx and the great Indian Basket Trick once seen are never to be forgotten, when under the control of his masterly hand; but the mantle of the "great Stodare" has fallen, with grace, upon the shoulders of Herr Frickell, who now nightly assists Madame Stodare to astound the visitors to the Hall with feats of magic, which, to be believed

in, must be seen. An addition has also been made to the entertainment in the person of Mr. G. W. Jester, the celebrated ventriloquist, whose part of the performances is in itself sufficient to repay a visit. As the lease is shortly to expire, we would advise our readers to lose no time in having a séance in the Theatre of Mystery.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. Tom Taylor's *Family Legend* has been revived here "for a limited number of representations," and proves as diverting to the visitors at the Gallery of Illustration as heretofore. Mrs. German Reed has for some three weeks past been suffering from severe hoarseness, and, we believe, a slight attack of bronchitis; but much satisfaction as it would give us to see her restored to health, and her place in the three-handed drama which is so charmingly done at this little fashionable resort, we must confess that she is most ably represented by the Misses Galton. About the Gallery, a notice regretting Mrs. Reed's indisposition, begs the indulgence of the audience for these two young ladies. They need it little; both seem perfectly at home in their parts, and act and sing with a deal of spirit. The spinning-wheel song of the old French nurse, and the scene of the legend by the Welsh girl, are exquisitely rendered by Miss Susan Galton. Mr. John Parry plays Colonel Price, Willoughby Warble the Poet, and the Old Harper; and he succeeds to perfection in making them three quite distinct characters. We can scarcely enumerate all the characters which Mr. German Reed undertakes. He diverts us in all. Pilkington the butler is his first and most successful impersonation. The great treat of the evening, however, is unquestionably Mr. John Parry's *Wedding Breakfast at Mrs. Roselief's*. The insinuating significance which Mr. Parry throws into the most ordinary commonplace makes every word tell. The delicacy of his jokes and waggeries touching the marriage of Mr. Yeanay and Miss Gushington is as remarkable as the unflagging humour with which they are given. Frequently Mr. Parry is what ladies call "impudent" and "naughty," but he never "o'ersteps the modesty" of the drawing-room. With all this, he certainly makes us more merry at the *Wedding Breakfast* than did ever the funniest low comedian in the most successful "screamer" on record. Most of our readers have probably seen Mr. Parry. Those who have not should hasten at once, for there are several personages at the *Wedding Breakfast* never to be forgotten. Mr. Fluenza is a great character; the Bridegroom, Mr. Yeanay, is a wonder; and the Bride is beyond description. The speeches and toasts at the breakfast are excellently given, from the diffidence and crowning confusion of the bridegroom to the bit of oratory of the gentleman in spectacles (Mr. Olympus, we believe), who, called upon to propose "The Bridesmaids," begins with "The Ancient Greeks," &c.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—**CAPTAIN MAYNE REID'S READINGS.**—Under the title of "An Evening with the Poets," Captain Mayne Reid, the well-known novelist, gave, on Monday night, a varied selection of readings from popular authors, in aid of the suffering poor of the metropolis. The attendance was of a highly fashionable character, and sufficiently numerous to induce a belief that the benevolent object in view would be realised. Captain Mayne Reid, who was cordially greeted when he appeared on the platform, declaimed with considerable earnestness familiar passages from Byron, Hood, Campbell, Scott, and Sheridan Knowles, occasionally discarding the book, and, with the help of a retentive memory, imparting to the majority of the readings the effect of a recital. A severe cold under which the captain was labouring, and for which an apologetic preface was made, somewhat marred the success of the entertainment, which thus commanded the approbation of the auditory rather for the excellent purpose it was intended to serve than the impressive manner in which it was executed.

THE EXTRICKL TATTLE.

Mr. John Francis Barnett is busily engaged in composing a cantata for Birmingham Festival.

Gounod's new opera is *Romeo and Juliet*, and is already in the hands of the copyist. Rumour asserts that it is a second *Faust*.

We learn that the author of *Mountain Dhu*, is engaged in writing a piece for Drury Lane.

Messrs. Buckstone (*père et fils*) will appear at Drury Lane as Box and Cox, on the occasion of the annual performance in aid of the General Theatrical Fund.

It is rumoured that Madame Parepa is about to confer matrimonial happiness on Herr Carl Rose, the violinist, who is like herself attached to the Bateman party.

The *Fair Maid of Perth* has been adapted to the French lyri stage, under the title of *La Jolie Fille de Perth*. The librettists are Mademoiselle de Saint-Georges, and M. Jules Adenis.

Mr. T. W. Robertson's highly successful drama, *Ours*, has been produced at three of the principal cities of the United States.

Madame Ristori has signified her intention of remaining twelve months longer in the United States, and, at the end of that time, of retiring from the stage.

An operetta by Gluck, entitled *The Enchanted Tree*, has been discovered by the director of the Prague Theatre. The work in question, which lived only through a single representation, is to be revived in the course of the present season.

Upon the authority of the leading French journals, we, last week, announced, that Naudin, the eminent tenor, had been decorated with the Order of Isabella the Catholic, by the Queen of Spain. M. Naudin, we see, has addressed a letter to the *Gazette des Etrangers* in which he denies this.

We hear that Mr. Edmund Falconer has arrived in New York from London, and is making active preparations for the production of the new drama of *Oonagh* at one of the Broadway Theatres. The American playgoers must be good-natured, indeed, if they will accept *Oonagh* without a very free use of the pruning-knife. We wish Mr. Falconer better success upon the other side of the Atlantic.

The second Saturday Concert of the spring series at the Crystal Palace, took place on Saturday afternoon, the vocalists being Madlle. Liebhardt and Signor Foli, and the solo-violinist Herr Straus. The programme included Rossini's overture, *Le Siège de Corinth*; Schubert's overture, *Fierrabras*; and violin concerto, Mendelssohn. After the concert the Palace was illuminated for promenade.

We Cockney playgoers have a very vulgar habit of hastening out of our seats before the "tag" of the play or entertainment is half over. This is a poor compliment to the performer, and (as the vulgarity is generally more observable in the stalls, which should teach the poor pit and gallery good breeding), a great nuisance to the rest of the house. The monologue entertainer must necessarily feel this slight more than a company of actors, and we protest against the practice as a monstrous breach of good manners.

There is an Englishman of the name of Stuart now playing and speaking very perfect French at the Porte St. Martin. Not long ago there was an English actress there, who also distinguished herself by her talent as well as by her accent. Mr. Stuart has not got a great "part," only the Due de Nevers in *Le Bossu*—that is, the Duke's Moto—but he plays very well. The *Belle Hélène* continues to fill the house fuller and fuller every night.

We are glad to learn that Ernst Schulz, who gave a private *savoir* in the Dudley Gallery a few weeks ago, has secured the large room at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, for the purpose of giving a series of his extraordinary and novel representations during the season. His séances are quite original, humorous, and artistic studies of character, portrayed with an amount of dexterity never before realised by any artiste in this class of entertainments.

Messieurs Lo bl and Sonuhanner, the proprietors of the Pavilion Music-hall, Haymarket, are the latest victims of the raid of the theatrical lessies; however, we must congratulate them upon having escaped more cheaply than their neighbour, Mr. F. Strange, of the Alhambra. The summons was withdrawn by the prosecution upon the understanding that an arrangement was about to be entered into between the Music-hall and Dramatic Associations, with a view to the settlement of this much-vexed question.

A "Ballerna" of the Modena theatre, named La Barbazon, a few evenings ago, more than usually excited by the acclamations of the public, executed a pas with a wrong calculation of distance, which carried her over the footlights into the orchestra. In the passage, her dress caught fire from the lamps, and she was immediately in a blaze, which, however, was promptly extinguished by the musicians, who enveloped her in their paletots. She was carried out senseless, but was shortly after found to have sustained no serious injury.

It is gratifying for we Englishmen, who are piqued at the sneer that we are not a musical nation, to learn that Mr. Alberto Laurence, who is now fulfilling an engagement as primo-baritone at the Royal Theatre, Messina, as *Charles V.*, in Verdi's *Ernani*, has caused a sensation. The *Aquila Latina*, an influential journal of that town, says: "The baritone, Sig. Laurence, who, in two evenings, has become the idol of the entire public, is a fortune for us. His voice is of great compass, magnificent quality, and his style of singing is spontaneous and perfect. He not only pleases, but causes great enthusiasm, and we can only say that the more he is heard the more he will be appreciated. He will next appear in Verdi's *Macbeth*."

The report of the Alhambra Company (Limited) shows an available total of £5,520, which would admit of a dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum. The distribution, however, is recommended to be at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, which, with the dividend paid last half-year, will make 17½ per cent. for the twelve months, leaving £1,420 to be carried forward. The paid-up capital of the company is £54,583. During the past half-year considerable portions of the building have been reconstructed, in order to provide additional accommodation and increased safety, the result being that the facilities of egress are now such that "the entire audience can leave in about one minute." These improvements and alterations have cost £2,042, from which £408 has already been written off.

Mr. J. W. Anson's Dramatic Almanack is really a handsome little volume, and we can earnestly recommend it to all lovers of the Thespian art. It is full of interesting gossip connected with the buckskin, and Mr. Anson displays great discrimination and tact in its compilation. Amongst a variety of most interesting matter we can make especial mention of an article signed W. T. T., and entitled "Round Covent Garden," which is certainly worthy of high commendation. There is a very large class of persons in London alone that is avowedly interested in things theatrical, and every member of this class should procure Mr. Anson's Almanack; there will not only be an ample return for the shilling invested, but, as the profits accruing from the sale of the book are devoted to the Sick Fund, there is the agreeable consciousness of having contributed your mite to a worthy object.

The general meeting of the proprietary in Drury-lane Theatre was held in the saloon of the theatre on Saturday. Joseph Arden, Esq., presided, and amongst those present were: Lord Henry Lennox, Sir George Armitage, Sir Charles Taylor, Mr. Waring, Mr. G. B. Allen, Mr. Pyefinch, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Reddish, Mr. Thomas Rawlinson, &c. The secretary's report stated that the theatre had been leased to Mr. F. B. Chatterton from the 1st of July last, for a term of seven years, at the annual rent of £5,000. The receipts of the proprietary, including a balance of £1,121 8s. 6d. from 1865, amounted to £9,445 7s. 9d., to which, however, might be added £563 18s., the late lessee's deposit, that had been expended on dilapidations and repairs. The ordinary payments had made a total of £8,494 2s. 5d., leaving a cash balance at the banker's of £951 6s. 4d. The payments comprise the sum of £1,366 12s. 4d., for four quarters' rent to the Duke of Bedford; of £604 2s. for rates and taxes; of £1,016 10s. 9d. for the repairs already referred to; and of £2,200 to the trustees of the new renters. All tradesmen's bills, including those for the extraordinary repairs, and the ordinary current expenses of the twelve months, had been paid up to Christmas. Mr. Marsh Nelson, the company's architect, reported that the building was, at the present time, in thorough substantial and decorative repair, and that the other property of the proprietors was in a satisfactory state. The chairman announced, in congratulatory terms, that the committee were enabled on this occasion to distribute to the renters a larger sum than had been given them for a very long time. They were enabled this year to exceed by £200 the amount divisible last year, and the dividend would be £7 6s. 8d. per share. Both reports were adopted unanimously. The following gentlemen were elected as the general committee: Sir George Armitage, Mr. Robert Lawrie, Sir Charles Taylor, Mr. Thomas Waring, Lord Teaderden, and Mr. Thomas Rawlinson. The general committee then elected the undermentioned gentlemen as their sub-committee, and the names were approved by the meeting: Mr. Joseph Arden (chairman), Sir William Du Bathe, Mr. Thomas Rawlinson, Mr. Waring, and Mr. Henry Thomas Young. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Chatterton, and the proceedings were closed with the usual compliment to the chairman and the committee.



CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK. (See Page 6.)



ST. JAMES' CHURCH, CLERKENWELL. (See Page 11.)

MR. GLADSTONE'S LATE VISIT TO PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of one of our contemporaries states that the impression made by Mr. Gladstone's speech at the Grand Hotel is not likely soon to subside. The semi-official journals dwell with pleasure on the right honourable gentleman's eloquence; and the Emperor is not less delighted with the just tribute of praise which he received at the hands of the English statesman. A discourse on the benefits of Free-trade was not out of season at the present moment, when bread has reached a fictitious price in Paris; when bakers in certain quarters of the town fear a repetition of such scenes as have taken place in London and Turin; and when the ultra-Catholic *Monde* is calling on the Government to break its false idols and renounce the principles of Napoleon and Cobden, which only fill the pockets of the few and leave the masses to starve. Statistics show in that in the good old days of Protection, when every separate province in France was protected against the provinces adjoining it, a bad harvest was a worse calamity than a disastrous campaign. Now, a bad harvest merely occasions a slight rise, unless speculators create a panic. At the end of last year the corn merchants were engaged in the unprofitable business of buying back at 28 francs corn which they had previously sold for half that price. The same was the case in 1861; in that year the deficit was greatly exaggerated, speculators made fictitious purchases, and the real holders of corn, seeing prices regularly augmenting, not only held back, but bought up more corn abroad. The consequence was that in a few months more than double the amount of corn required was imported, and the sack of flour fell from 100 francs to 48 francs. In writing on this important topic, the *Constitutionnel* remarks that by the end of last November foreign countries had returned to France a quantity

of breadstuffs equal to that which France had exported during the first months of the year. It is not supposed that the present high prices will be maintained. Corn does not now reach France by sea only, but large quantities come overland from Hungary and the Rhenish provinces, and the large amount of snow which has recently fallen gives hope of a splendid harvest for next year, and leads to the belief that the present alimentary crisis will soon pass away. M. Thiers and his friends were very anxious last year to have a protective duty placed upon corn for the benefit of the agriculturists, and those who answered him pointed out the very favourable condition in which France was placed as an exporting as well as an importing country; if France had too much corn, she could sell; if she had too little, she could buy. It was hardly apprehended that she would sell at the beginning of the year corn she would be obliged to buy back at the end of the year at an immense sacrifice; but this is the fault of speculators, and not that of the Legislature.

LOSS OF THE MONMOUTH AND EIGHT OF THE CREW.

AWFUL SUFFERINGS OF THE SURVIVORS.

The ship *David Cannon*, Captain Walsh, which arrived at Liverpool on Friday, the 1st inst., brought to this port twelve of the crew, including Captain Jones, of the ship *Monmouth*, which foundered at sea about the 20th of January. The *Monmouth* left New Orleans for Liverpool, via Pensacola, on the 17th November, and since then experienced a series of heavy storms. About the end of December the unfortunate ship encountered a terrific hurricane, and an enor-

mous sea swept over the vessel, carrying seven of the crew and the whole of the deck furniture and boats overboard, none of the men being saved. When Captain Walsh fell in with the ship he found she was timber laden, the cargo being principally oak and pitch pine. The mainmast had been carried away by the board, the mizentopmast and jibboom were broken, and the sails blown into ribbons. The deck and beams had parted on the starboard side, the stern was smashed in, and the timber part of the cargo was working out of the side. The men had been in the rigging six days, without food and with very little clothing, all the provisions and clothes being washed overboard. The hull of the vessel was completely under water. In addition to the men washed overboard, one of the poor fellows died from exhaustion and hunger in the rigging.

AGRICULTURAL RETURNS.—From a variety of returns relating to the acreage of land in the United Kingdom during last year the following particulars are gleaned:—England has a total area of 32,590,397 statute acres. Of these 7,400,170 are under corn crops, 2,750,008 under green crops, 760,979 under bare fallow, 2,298,087 under clover and artificial and other grasses under rotation, and 8,998,027 of permanent pasture exclusive of hill pastures. The total of estimated ordinary stock of cattle was 3,420,044 and of sheep 15,124,541. The total area in Ireland in statute acres is 20,322,641. Of these 2,174,433 are under corn crops, 1,482,091 under green crops, 28,060 under bare fallow, 1,600,495 under clover and artificial grass, and 10,002,058 under permanent pasture. In the latter item, however, hill pastures are included. The cattle were estimated at 8,742,932, and the sheep at 4,270,427.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

On February 13th will be published an
EXTRA VALENTINE NUMBER

of BOW BELLS, to be called

AUNT BETSY,

Consisting of a series of original stories, written and illustrated expressly for this Magazine by the most eminent authors and artists of the day, and related by Mrs. Betsy Baker and her party on St Valentine's Day.

The usual weekly number of

BOW BELLS,

No. 133, to be published simultaneously with the above, will contain the commencement of a New Tale of society of the present day, by the author of "Hawthorne," to be called

MARY'S VICTORY,

with illustrations from the pencil of L. Huard, together with a vast amount of entertaining and instructive reading to please all tastes, old and young, grave and gay.

Price of the Valentine Number, One Penny; price of the usual Number, One Penny.

* * * The former may be had separately. Country booksellers should send extra orders without delay, to ensure a supply.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

D. W.		H. W. L. B.	A. M.	P. M.
10	S	Fifth Sunday after Epiphany	... 5 82	5 52
11	M.	Washington born 1732	... 6 14	6 36
12	T.	Angris taken 1756	... 7 0	7 28
13	W.	Celini died 1570	... 7 59	8 33
14	TH.	St. Valentine	... 9 15	9 56
15	F.	Captain Cook killed 1779	10 38 11 23	
16	S.	Day 10h. 0m. long	... 1	— 1
		Moon's changes.....	First Quarter, 12th day, 1h. 40m. a.m.	

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to the EDITOR, Drury House, Drury-court, St. Mary-le-Strand, London.

* * * Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

NOTICE.

Especial attention is drawn to "Dead Acre," by CHARLES H. ROSS, Esq. This continuous Novel is commenced in our present Number. A reference to its opening chapter will recompense any reader who can be interested in a strange narrative told, in the purest English, in a style equal to that of any living author. The first lines of this really great Work are the beginning of a revelation so absorbing and peculiarly instructive, regarding one great phase of life, that no one who is curious about that which is curious should fail to follow the development of this most accurate "HISTORY OF A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE."

THE OTHER SIDE;

POPULAR PERSONS CRITICALLY CONSIDERED.

Next week a criticism will appear upon Mr. Dion Boucicault.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1867.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE Queen has spoken. Not spoken by her own lips, but through those of the Lord Chancellor. What is the purport, and what the effect of the utterance? For months the kingdom has been on the tip-toe of expectation as regards Reform, and on this especial matter her Majesty's ministers have arranged in some way or other to deal with the question. The Sovereign says,—“I trust that your deliberations, conducted in a spirit of moderation and mutual forbearance, may lead to measures which, without unduly disturbing the balance of political power, shall freely extend the elective franchise.” This is a trust in which the nation will certainly concur. The new Bills which are promised to be proposed by the present Government have been earnestly called for over and over again, and each measure which is suggested has some especial and peculiar claim upon the public attention. Ireland, with its great wrongs, may find some comfort in the anticipation that the relations between landlord and tenant are to be considered, and that the Conservatives are alive to that great source of embitterment which is growing daily greater in the sister isle. The words that “Ireland's opportunity is England's discomfiture” some day may lose their old and bitter significance. Perhaps that end may be approaching in the beginning of the present determination.

The state of the ships of our mercantile navy has long been a cause of much discontent on the part of our British seamen, and when we realise the fact that England, by her geographical position, should be the first marine-carrying Power in the world, it is obvious, inasmuch as our vessels are worse supplied with all material wants for the use of the sailor than those of any other nation, how necessary it is to legislate on this matter.

Parliament is asked to look to our Bankruptcy laws, which are full of flaws and incongruities, and prove beyond measure that the great traders of the world have, in their statute-book a law bad both for the creditor and honest debtor, though of extreme excellence to the fraudulent schemer.

The hideous revelations that have appeared during the last year, as to our sick and poor, have created an outcry of shame and indignation throughout the length and breadth of the land, and it is sincerely hoped that the Cabinet will, in accordance with the present promise, bring in a beneficent measure.

The disclosures emanating from the North British, the London, Chatham, and Dover, and other railways have tended to prove how desirable it is that coercive legislation should control the frightful delinquencies of Railway management. Bonds and Debentures are no longer a tangible security, and the public has lost faith in those securities, which it is found may or may not represent any real mortgage.

The working of Trades Unions, the pregnant source of dissension between employer and employed, will be examined, as it is stated a commission will be at once issued to enquire into and suggest a Bill mutually beneficial to capital and labour.

Again, it is promised that the Factory Acts shall be extended, so as further to ameliorate the condition of both women and children working in many places not now under the regulation of the old law. This is a promise in which every social reformer must rejoice, and which will be hailed as a salutary measure in the cause of the poor and oppressed.

A reciprocal arrangement regarding the Navigation Laws of England and France will draw closer the ties between the two countries, and will give fresh hopes to the people of both nations, that there is an identity of interests, which to conciliate is to revive the earlier political good understanding first suggested by Lord Derby's Foreign Minister years ago.

To recapitulate the speech is to mention a series of happy promises, full of long wished-for and large ends. We have to see first in what manner these measures will be constructed—they may be very wise and liberal, or some may be pregnant with a timidity and over-caution ill in keeping with the dignity and character of any English Government. It is easy to anticipate the exact tenor of every social measure with which it is trusted our statute book will be enriched. Tenant-right will be a source of great contention between legislators who have expressed so many different views of the subject. The Radicals have asked that the Liberals of Ireland should join them, and it would appear very much as if Messrs. Derby and Disraeli intended to outflank, by the introduction of an Irish Bill, their adversaries. The idea is an admirable one, and it would appear that this, associated with the proposition regarding the Factory Acts, whose carrying was originally opposed by Mr. Bright, will in measure do much to falsify the prophecies of that gentleman, who has so often said that the present holders of office had no minds to legislate for the actual people.

The Conservative Government have in this manifesto shown how much the country in one sense can expect from them. It is a broad hint that whoever compose the Parliament house, no men can do more in a breath than they hope to fulfil. No speech that has ever come from the throne has ever been pregnant with greater aims. The Conservative party may circumvent Mr. Bright; they may show that they mind the public interest more than the Whigs have chosen to do. The time has come, though, when the country should believe in the simple promise of no party. Party has been a device by which the nation has been outwitted in times beyond number, though the public wants have, in measure, been recognized. Certain watchwords, originating in public requirements, have been marked on the gonfalons of one party, and the consequence has been that men have been misled by words rather than satisfied with deeds. The Whigs, who have been chiefly ruling the country since the passing of the Reform Bill of '32, have assuredly passed many great measures in promotion of the public weal; but what party has failed, when in office after that date, not to consult in part the wishes of the country. If Mr. Disraeli in the Commons, and Earl Derby in the House of Lords, will now only propose a comprehensive measure of Reform, the country will be with them. For ourselves, though much has been promised, we, for the present, are not hopeful. It must be observed no Bill is positively vouchsafed, and no great measure, in our opinion, will be propounded by the present people in power. We believe they will seek to make friendship by showing that they are prepared to do everything but one thing, viz., to construct, without the advice of any other party, an undefined measure of Reform. There are many great obstacles before them. The Russell-Gladstone government of last year was supposed to possess a majority of seventy in their favour, and their confidence was thus supported by figures. We fear that Mr. Disraeli is timid, and now wants to take the advice, not only of his own party, but of the other side, which he has before so often condemned. In fact, he desires to do something more clever than dignified, and more ingenious than profound. Could but the Conservatives in this conjuncture, see that the source of all power is, in these times, the country itself, they would rise strong in the equitable purposes of a great measure. We fear they are paltering with the moments that are rapidly passing away, and which for a long time to come will not return to them.

They are capable of great things, and the country, which has been cajoled, amused, and at last deceived, begins to care little for watchwords or for men. It is desirous to have measures: measures replete with great purposes, and reckoning upon the new generation of able and intelligent men who are giving fresh vitality and power to the State. Should Mr. Disraeli, out of his own keen and sagacious mind, bring forward an independent measure of Reform, the country will be grateful. Should he fail to do so, it will turn to some other bolder aspirant, and give the place of honour to him who serves it with the greatest courage and the greatest pre-vision.

LONDON GOSSIP.

Lord Rendlesham is announced as the Conservative candidate for East Suffolk, and will probably be returned without opposition.

We understand that a very popular author, whose works upon Japanese and Chinese subjects have obtained great celebrity, is engaged upon a history of Christianity in the East. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council sat on Monday. The lords present were Sir W. Erle, Sir E. V. Williams, Sir R. Kindersley, Sir J. Colville, and Sir Lawrence Peel.

A subscription is going on to buy an annuity for Thomas Cooper, the author of "The Purgatory of Suicides." Mr. Cooper, who is sixty-two years of age, is in a bad state of health. Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., is a subscriber of £50 to the fund.

The following Civil Service intelligence has reached —Mr. Pelham Laird Warren, having been one of the first five in a competition of fifteen persons, to be student interpreter in China. Messrs. Robert George Crozier and John Murch Wigner, having been two of the first five in a competition of fifteen candidates, to be clerks in the India Office. Mr. Samuel Hillman to be statistical abstracter in the Registrar-General's Office, London. Mr. John Scott Castle to be writer in the Customs.

The report of the Mediterranean Extension Telegraph Company, to be presented on the 8th inst., states that notwithstanding several interruptions on the Malta and Alexandria line, the net earnings of the half-year have been about equal to those of the previous one, and recommends the same amount of dividend, 8 and 3 per cent. respectively on the preference and original shares, leaving £481 to be carried to reserve. These distributions, however, will be delayed till payments, now in arrear from the Italian Government, shall have been received.

The morning still on Tuesday rose for a few minutes to welcome her Majesty to Westminster. Like everything else bearing an English name, the sun is generally loyal, and really seemed delighted with the re-appearance of the Sovereign among her people. Let us breathe a hope that the Queen will, during the fast approaching season, visit some of the metropolitan theatres, and once more countenance that “drama” which is said by old “fogies” to be falling into such lamentable decay. In a theatre the Sovereign meets all classes of her subjects, from De Tompkins, the patrician, in the stalls, down to Snooks, the potboy, in the gallery.

A new quarterly review, price 1s., entitled *The Methodist Quarterly*, is announced for publication on the 1st of March. Although bearing a denominational title, the review will be entirely unsectarian in character, and will be devoted mainly to the discussion of the great and important questions which are constantly agitating the religious world. It is the intention of the editor to conduct the review on liberal principles in reference to both current theology, philosophy, and literature; and with this view, a staff of good contributors has been secured, among whom are several ministers of considerable celebrity, and Mr. S. F. Williams, the well-known essayist and rising *littérateur*.

The train to Portsmouth by the direct Portsmouth line, which leaves Waterloo terminus at 7 p.m., met with an accident an evening or two since, which might have proved a most serious one. Between Liss and Petersfield all the carriages but the one attached to the engine were thrown off the rails, and but for the presence of mind of the driver, who stopped the engine as soon as he perceived there was danger, the whole train would have been precipitated down an embankment, and dashed against some posts and rails beyond. Except the delay and the alarm, no one suffered any inconvenience. It is conjectured that the accident arose from the sleepers becoming misplaced in consequence of the late heavy rains.

A special service took place on the 1st inst. in the parish church of St. Mary Somerset, in Thames-street, City—the first of the churches to be de-consecrated in the City under the Bishop of London's Act for the Union of City Benefices. The Communion service was read by the Rev. C. H. Fisher, M.A., at the conclusion of which he read a letter from the Bishop, addressed to the incumbent and churchwardens. The letter having been ordered to be entered in the vestry books of the various City parishes, Mr. Fisher ascended the pulpit and preached a sermon, taking for his text the 4th Chapter of St. John, verse 21, at the conclusion of which he pronounced the Benediction, and the congregation left their church for the last time.

A gentleman named Davenport committed suicide on Friday week, by jumping out of a bed-room window in Salisbury Hotel, Salisbury-square, Fleet-street. He only arrived at the hotel on the previous day, and there was nothing in his manner to excite great alarm until he was discovered sitting on the window sill. The inmates were afraid to enter his room lest they should precipitate the rash act which he evidently meditated, but threw down mattresses in that part of the yard where he was likely to fall. After delaying his purpose for some time, he leaped from the window, striking himself on some projections as he fell. Death was instantaneous, and his body terribly mangled by the violence of the fall. The deceased, whose residence is unknown, was from thirty-five to forty years of age, and of fair complexion. The body was removed to St. Bride's dead-house.

CENTRAL PARK NEW, YORK.

OWING to the singular advantages of its position, the city of New York, which commands almost an unequalled extent of inland navigation, has become the chief emporium of the northern part of the Union. It is situated on the southern point of Manhattan Island, on the eastern side of the Hudson, where it falls into a narrow part of Long Island Sound, called East River. In front extends a magnificent bay. The harbour is one of the best in the country, and the first practicable port at all seasons after quitting the mouth of the Chesapeake for the northward. In 1840 New York was a mere village; it now rivals the chief towns of European nations, and has all the conveniences, luxuries, and adornments which modern civilisation can suggest. The inhabitants, in accordance with the modern spirit of enterprise, possess a vast pleasure-ground, known as the Central Park, of which we present our readers with an engraving. The park, in accordance with its name, is central, and within convenient access to all classes of inhabitants. Like similar places all over the world, the Central Park is frequented in large numbers by those who ride in carriages, equestrians, and pedestrians. The Central Park is the Bois de Boulogne and Rotten-row of New York.

FOREIGN SCRAPS.

"The disappearance of the clerk of an agent de change," says the *Nord*, "with 600,000 francs, is announced."

An undertaker's mute, living in the Rue Sedaine, hanged himself the other morning on the bolt of his window.

Fifty-three discharged soldiers of the Belgo-Mexican Legion have arrived at Brussels.

A Roman Catholic church is about to be built at Washington, which will be the largest church building in America.

Great indignation has been caused among the old noblesse by the recent demolitions in the *Quartier St. Germain*.

A large meeting, at which Wendell Phillips and ex-Governor Andrew were the chief speakers, has been held in Boston, to sympathise with the Cretans, and a relief committee appointed.

The first Japanese ironclad is now being built at Toulon. It is to be called the *Tycoon*, and to carry six 350 and 450 pounders.

The Ministry at Bucharest has submitted a bill to the Chamber for the establishment of a free town in the district of Bolgrad, to be called Carlstadt.

Several arrests, it is stated, have been made in the Vivienne quarter of persons charged with the fabrication of forged notes of foreign banks, notably that of Hayti.

A family named Wright, at Havre, has just narrowly escaped poisoning from eating food cooked in a copper utensil in which verdigris had been formed.

The New York *Herald* proposes, as a means of settling all difficulties, to nominate General Grant as the next presidential candidate.

The Frankfort police has forbidden the sale of the fabric known as green tarlatan, as it is dyed by colours composed in great part of arsenical preparations, and is consequently very injurious to health.

It is reported that a severe conscription is being enforced in the city of Mexico, and that the Emperor Maximilian has decided to abdicate if the National Congress should refuse to sustain him.

It is reported in Washington that Mr. Foster will resign his position as President of the Senate, and will be appointed minister to Italy in place of Mr. George P. Marsh. Mr. Foster was not elected to the fortieth Congress.

Some rather serious disturbances have occurred among the miners at Marchiennes, in Belgium. The *Avenir National* publishes a telegram announcing that three workmen have been killed in an encounter with the troops, and fifteen Belgian soldiers have been wounded.

At the coming Exhibition all the French Crown jewels are to be displayed. It is reported that they are to be kept in a kind of gigantic jewel-case, in the centre of the garden. This case is so arranged that, on pressing a spring, it sinks into the Court reversed the previous decision in favour of the defendant.

An inhabitant of Saint-Symphorien-de-Lay, says the *Journal de Roanne*, has dug up, near the spot where a skirmish took place in March, 1814, between some French and Austrian troops, a tin box containing German coins worth from 5,000 to 6,000 francs.

The Society for the Patronage of Unknown Dramatic Authors have given a theatrical entertainment at Hertz Assembly Rooms, in Paris. The piece was entitled *Une Fille*, and was in four acts. The prologue, in verse, was by M. Ballande, the founder of the society.

The lives of about thirty persons have been placed in danger at Znaim, in Bohemia, by the mistake of a baker, who inadvertently put some arsenic into his bread, instead of giving it to the rats, as he intended. Many of these persons continue in great danger.

Two poachers, while shooting pheasants in a pre-serv adjoining the forest of St. Germain, belonging to M. Jacquemin, were surprised a few nights back by a gamekeeper's wife, named Blet. They took to flight, leaving behind them their guns, game-bags, &c., which will probably lead to their arrest.

Official intelligence has reached Paris from the city of Mexico, dated December 29th, according to which the French troops were continuing their retrograde movement. By January 20th the whole expeditionary corps was expected to be écheloned between the City of Mexico and the seaboard.

The ex-Grand Duke of Tuscany has sent in a claim to the Italian Government for the restoration of his personal property, which he values at about 50,000,000 lire. Among the articles he reclaims are three Raphael and a great number of exquisite works of art in silver, gold, and precious stones.

The Riot at Marchiennes, supposed to have been subdued, has now assumed a more threatening appearance. A telegram published at Brussels, dated Feb. 3, states that the rioters are advancing upon Roux and Jumet. Troops are being massed in that direction.

The estimated cost of the new civil administration introduced into the kingdom of Poland by the ukases of last month is 1,990,000 roubles a year, including 493,000 for the police. Under the old system the civil administration cost 489,000 roubles only.

The young King of Bavaria is becoming more attentive to his duties, and has taken a step which is sure to be greeted with enthusiasm. A short time ago he inspected two of the chief breweries in Munich, and, after a careful examination of them, presented their owners with his portrait, and distributed a sum of money among the workmen.

The philanthropic ball, under the patronage of the Emperor and Empress of the French, to be given at the Opera Comique, on the 23rd inst., in aid of the funds of the French Dramatic Association, has already proved a monetary success, nearly all the seats having been purchased, with the exception of one or two private boxes.

The Civil Tribunal of the Seine has just given judgment in the case of M. Dentu, who entered an action against MM. Lebigre-Duquesne for announcing the publication of a "Guide to the Exhibition." The Court decided that M. Dentu,

representing the Commission, has the sole right to issue any work of the nature of a catalogue, and condemned the defendant to pay the costs.

The Greeks are agitating with great energy in Roumania in favour of the Cretan insurrection. They have organised committees for the collection of subscriptions for the insurgents, and the enlistment of volunteers, and have established a Greek journal, the *Iris*, at Bucharest, with the object of enlightening the Rouman mind as to the progress of the "Greek idea."

Mexican advices received in Washington, on the 23rd January, assert that Juarez is in possession of Matamoras, Monterrey, Chihuahua, San Luis Potosi, Aguas Calientes, Guadalajara, and the greater portion of the roads leading to the City of Mexico; so that, in the event of a successful fight with the Imperialists, who had gone to meet the Liberals, he would be able to occupy the capital.

A young man who resided in the quarter of the Ecole Militaire, in Paris, had for some time laboured under the monomaniacal notion that certain persons desired to take his life, and he resorted to various devices for concealing his presence. Some days back he disappeared altogether, and, on examining his room, a stuffed figure was found dressed up like a man lying on the bed. Search for the young man has hitherto been fruitless.

The *Journal de Chartres* reports a murder in that town. A female servant of M. Ossude, a woman fifty years of age, was killed by a man who entered the house in the evening, it is supposed for the purpose of robbery. She was stabbed in both the breast and throat. M. Ossude happened to come home at the time, and was also attacked, but his wounds are not dangerous. The criminal succeeded in making his escape.

Energetic efforts are at present being made to extirpate brigandage from the districts where it still exists in Italy, and desperate encounters take place almost daily between the soldiers and bands of these malefactors. One chief, named Moro, was killed lately in the Basilicate, and several of his band suffered the same fate. Michele Carabba, another chief, has been taken alive at Solarino, in Sicily, after a desperate resistance.

The Greek Government has distributed decorations among the French journalists who have supported the Cretan insurrection. M. St. Marc Girardin, of the *Debats*, has been made a commander of the Order of the Saviour; M. Guérault, of the *Opinion Nationale*, has obtained a gold Cross; and MM. Barlatier, of the *Sémaphore*, and Roux, of the *Gazette du Midi*, Silver Crosses of the same order.

General Prim has applied to the Emperor Napoleon for permission to pass the rest of the winter in Paris. This application, although strongly supported by the Empress, who was formerly on very intimate terms with the general's wife, has been refused by his Majesty, on the ground that the presence of Prim in Paris might be inconvenient to the Spanish Government.

M. R. de V.—was a lieutenant in a cavalry regiment at Versailles, in 1854, where he had a mistress, Mdlle. D.—. He gave her a bond for 12,000f., and last year she brought an action to recover the amount. Although the defendant pleaded that the bond was given for an immoral consideration, the plaintiff had judgment. The gentleman appealed, and a few days back the Court reversed the previous decision in favour of the defendant.

It is announced that, at San Francisco, a Mdlle. Celeste lately gave performances à la Blondin, and had announced her intention of doing the wheelbarrow trick on a rope twenty-five feet high. At the appointed hour she appeared wheeling a barrow, in which was seated a man named Jimmy Kenyon. But this female Blondin had hardly walked over a space of five or six yards when the barrow was seen to oscillate, and in a second both fell heavily to the ground. Their lives are despaired of.

The fashionable organ, *La Gazette des Etrangers*, giving an account of the Court ball, says:—"A great many guests, on leaving the Tuilleries, went to supper at the Café Riché, the Café Anglais, and the Maison Dorée, which were glittering with uniforms up to a late hour. Perhaps there may be room for some improvement in the organisation of these magnificent Court fetes, so as to make the supper tables accessible to a greater number of guests. We have heard the observation made, and, therefore, we desire to submit it to consideration in the proper quarter."

The journals of Florence contain accounts of the ceremony of distributing medals to the soldiers in garrison in that city who had distinguished themselves in the late war. The general who presided openly admitted the relative failure of the efforts of the Italian army. He said:—"If the success has not completely responded to our desires, the valour, energy, and discipline displayed by all have not the less merit, and are a sure guarantee for the future of Italy. Persevere in that path, and do not forget that the country has its eyes upon us."

Lord Lyons has, we hear, communicated to Ali Pasha an elaborate opinion of Mr. Consul-General and Judge Logie, on the illegality of the recent decision of the Turkish tribunal in fining and subsequently suspending the *Levant Herald*. His lordship urged that the suspension should be taken off. The Foreign Minister immediately returned a negative reply, denying the right of any person to question the decision of a Turkish tribunal. Lord Lyons has referred the matter home to Lord Stanley for instructions as to what further steps can be taken about it.

An Austrian physician, Dr. Meyer, who was with the army in the campaign of last year, has committed murder and suicide in the debtors' prison at Bremen. He intended to go to America, and, as he was without means, a relative who was also going undertook to pay his passage and that of his wife; but on their arrival at Bremen he found that the former had already sailed. He fell into debt, and was, in consequence, arrested. His wife, having visited him, he cut her throat with a pen-knife, and then, opening an artery, he bled to death. He was only thirty-one years of age, and his wife twenty-five.

The result of the great scuttling case has taken no one by surprise; indeed, upon the evidence, it was impossible that the jury could arrive at any other conclusion than that the whole four of the prisoners were branded together in a grave and dangerous conspiracy to defraud. The remarkable incident of the trial was the able address of Mr. Serjeant Ballantine on behalf of the prisoner Berwick, which exhibited all the tact and eloquence for which the learned gentleman has rendered himself so famous. The sum paid in counsel's fees alone in this great case amounted to upwards of a thousand pounds.

The following mems. from Paris may be interesting. The celebrated Salle d'Armes, the chateau of Pierrefonds, has lately been enriched by the whole of the Emperor's collection of

military weapons. The death of M. Poulin Espinasse, professor of singing at the Conservatoire Impérial, has just occurred. The French 100-franc bank-notes have undergone several modifications. In appearance, at first sight, they are almost the same as heretofore; but the text has been altered, and the numbers, formerly written by hand, are now printed by a mechanical numerator, in a manner similar to Bank of England notes.

Literature does not seem to be held in so much esteem at the Washington White House now as it was under Mr. Lincoln's administration. Mr. Lincoln's fondness for filling foreign positions with literary men was indeed without precedent in his country: Mr. Bigelow (Paris) Mr. Howell (Venice), Mr. Hildreth (Trieste), Mr. Marsh (Florence), Mr. Motley (Vienna), were all much less known in their own country as politicians than as authors. Of these only one remains, Mr. Marsh; one Mr. Hildreth, the historian, has died; the rest have all been removed. It is, indeed, reported from Washington that Mr. Marsh will be superseded.

Is the sowing of Sebastopol guns never to cease? General Peel has announced his intention of presenting one of these trophies to Eton, twelve years after the capture of the Russian arsenal. There are some men who see a difference between guns taken after a struggle in the field or in position, and guns, unused or disused, found in an abandoned dockyard, and inquire whether we should feel ourselves justified in exhibiting by the side of the enemy's flag struck to ours in action, the bits of signal bunting that might be found on board the captured vessel. Anyhow, the distribution of these guns all over the country is in doubtful taste as an exhibition of a triumph, and after such a lapse of time might now surely cease.

A picture-frame maker named Jeanmichel, of St. Barleux (Vosges), has just been tried at the Court of Assizes of Epinal for arson. A fire broke out during the night of the 29th October in a workshop occupied by the accused, and was got under with great difficulty. According to the prosecution, Jeanmichel was in embarrassed circumstances, and a short time before had assured his premises for 12,000f., although not worth more than 2,000f.; on the eve of the fire he had disposed of all his stock, and during the disaster had allowed his account books to be burnt without making any effort to save them. However, in the absence of any direct evidence of the prisoner's guilt, and in presence of his good antecedents, the jury returned a verdict of acquittal.

The Vienna journals relate a dramatic incident at a recent masked ball in that city. A young couple, finding their steps constantly dogged by a female figure in a black domino, were about to leave the theatre in order to escape from the espionage, when the stranger placed herself before them and dashed a phial of vitriol in the face of the gentleman. The domino, on being arrested and unmasked, proved to be a lady belonging to the first Vienna aristocracy, and the wife of the young man whom she had thus disfigured; she had also just obtained a judicial separation from him. The face and neck of the husband were horribly burnt, and one eye was completely destroyed. The domino had also spilt so much of the liquid on her own arm and hand that amputation became necessary.

M. Ferrere, a person employed in the offices of the French Exhibition Commission, has just appeared at the Tribunal of Correctional Police on a charge of assaulting a tradesman of Paris named Phillippe. They were in company at the house of a common friend on the evening of the 16th November, when the conversation turned on the subject of the Polytechnic School, and defendant remarked that all the pupils there were idiots. M. Phillippe, who has a brother in that establishment, replied that "the grapes were sour," implying that M. Ferrere had not been able to obtain admission. Some other angry words followed, and, on the company leaving the house about midnight, Ferrere came behind the complainant and dealt him several blows with a stick. The defendant was now condemned to six days' imprisonment, 200f. fine, and 500f. damages.

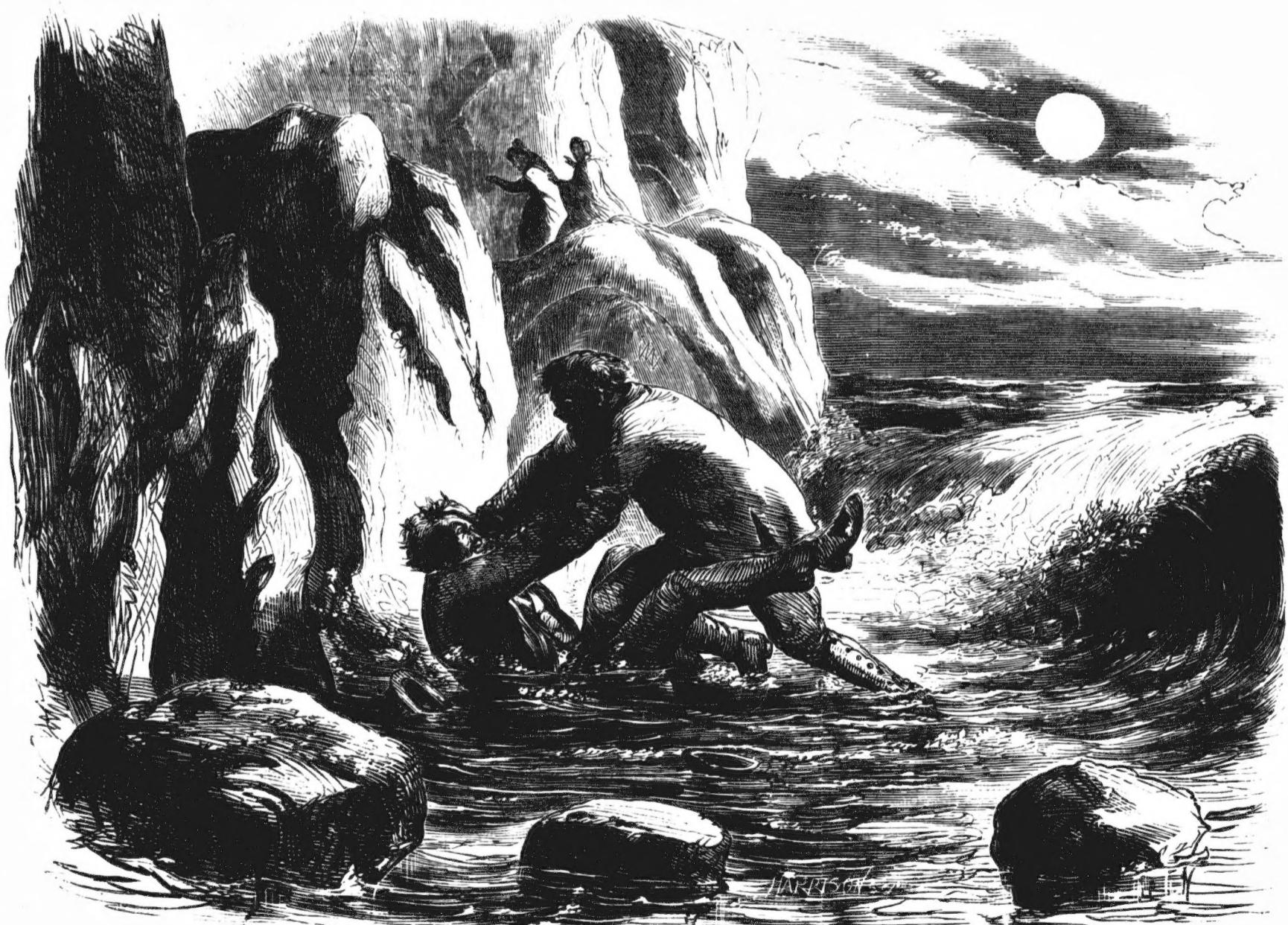
Marshal Narvaez, regardless of the execration he is drawing down on the Court from all enlightened Spaniards, persists in "saving society" in his own way. The latest atrocity south of the Pyrenees has been the sentencing to death of a gentleman named Blanco. His offence was the circulation of a prohibited newspaper. This brutal sabreur may be as brave as his own sword, but he has hardly more political acumen than a piece of cold steel. It is actually asserted that he has at this very time, when the Emperor has resolved to do away with absolutism, proposed to the French Government an "offensive and defensive" alliance, and that, provided France will recognise Spain as a first-class power, he offers to place 100,000 men at the disposal of France. Another curious story comes from Madrid. The famous Sister Patrocinio has been exiled, and all over the country people are shipping away or concealing their valuables, in anticipation of coming events.

The Dutch Commission on the Cattle Plague has just published a report. It recommends that all the cattle in the infected provinces should at once be slaughtered, and that the bodies should be immediately burned, together with the hay and straw on the farms. The loss which will be entailed by this wholesale sacrifice is estimated at 10,000,000 florins. It is believed that a bill will shortly be submitted to the Chambers for carrying out this scheme; but there is, if we may judge from the state of feeling in the agricultural districts on the subject, very little chance of its being passed. The Prussian Government has, we hear, issued severe regulations prohibiting the entry from Belgium and Holland not only of every kind of living animal, down to cats and pigeons, and of flesh, whether fresh or salted, horns, hides, hair, but of old clothes, straw, hay, and everything that may have come in contact with cattle. No packing-case will be passed in which there is any hay or straw.

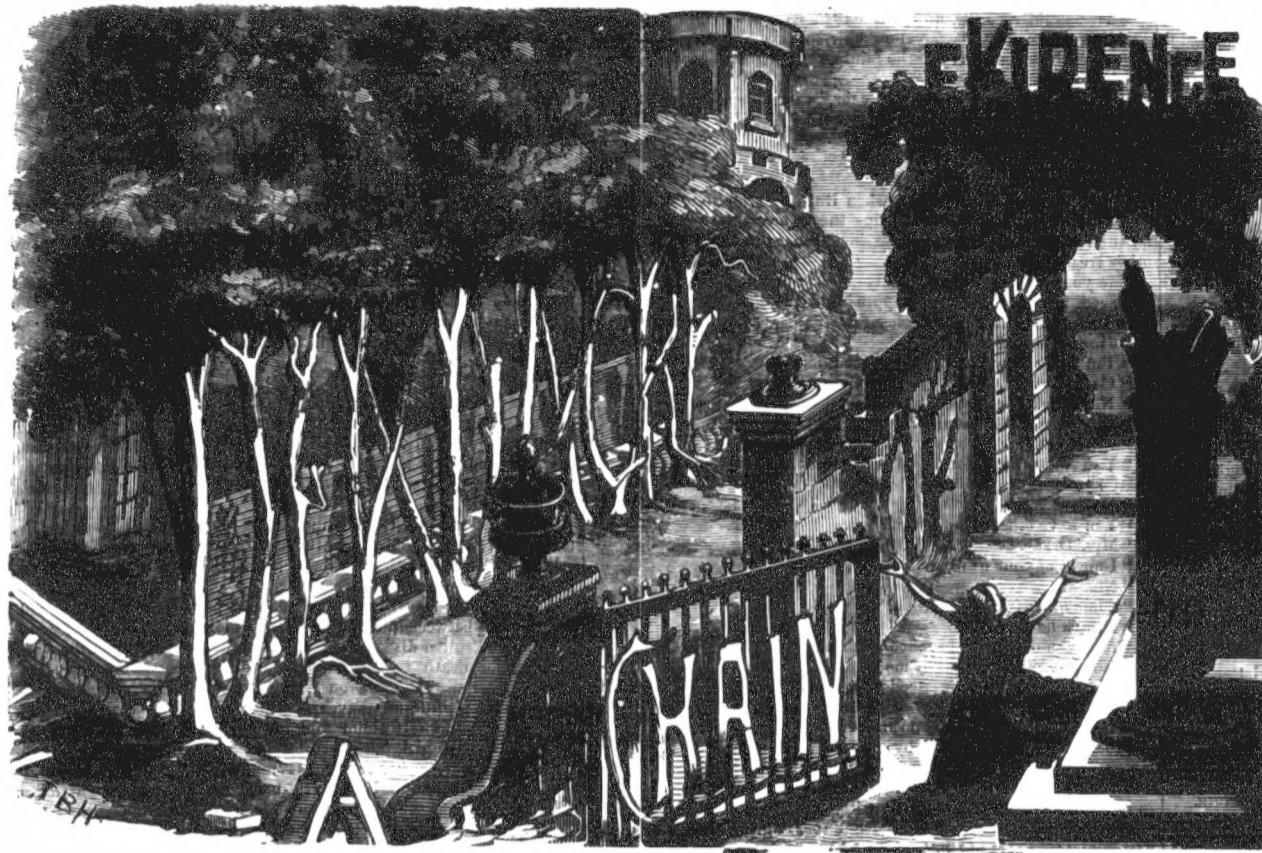
The *Patrie* says:—"The instruction of the French soldier in rifle practice has made great progress of late years, as appears by the report of the inspectors-general for 1866. The Normal Shooting-school, transferred to the Camp of Châlons, where experiments can be made on a larger scale, has been replaced at Vincennes by an establishment for practice, specially intended for the garrison of Paris. During last year 856 officers and 8,900 non-commissioned officers attended the training with so much assiduity and advantage as to elicit the praises of their superiors. Persons who have made the matter a special study are of opinion that the soldier, having become dexterous in the use of the present rifle, will very soon learn how to manage the new one when the rules are explained to him. In several towns, especially Versailles, instruction in the use of the breech-loader has commenced, and from the report of the instructors it appears that the men show the greatest aptitude for the new weapon, all the advantages of which there is no doubt they will know how to turn to account."



THE BEGGING MONKS OF GRENADA (see page 12).



FATAL STRUGGLE AT TINTAGEL BETWEEN A MADMAN AND HIS KEEPER. (see page 11.)



Dead Acre: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

BY
CHARLES H. ROSS.

Part the First. PRIVATE INQUIRIES.

CHAPTER I.—HIS DEATH.

UPON the 10th of March, in the year 1840, a crime was committed in Norfolk-street, Strand, with the discovery of the perpetrator of which this history will have to deal. At half-past two o'clock, a.m., a certain Mr. Jabez Acre, who, for some days previously, had been complaining of illness, was seized with violent convulsions. By four, after suffering great agony, he died, and the cause of his death was poison.

It was a bitterly cold night, and the policeman whose duty it was to perambulate Norfolk-street, in the course of his rounds, seeking shelter in a doorway from the piercing wind blowing from the river, fervently wished himself off duty and at home a-bed. It would have seemed, too, as though such a wish was shared by the community at large, for very few persons were to be seen abroad—none, indeed, but drunken roysterers staggering homewards, and homeless outcasts crouching in dark corners, or creeping away with noiseless steps as unearthed ghosts might creep gravewards at cock-crow.

A dreary watch was this of our policeman; and shall we blame him if he loitered awhile by the way, and shirked the north-east wind a small half hour in this fashion?

There was not a soul to be seen in Norfolk-street, nor had the sound of any other footstep than his own broken the deep silence reigning there these twenty minutes past. The darkened blinds of the houses, too, seemed to indicate that the inmates slept—perhaps slept securely in the belief that the policeman down below was keeping guard over their front doors; but, if he were keeping guard, he kept it with his eyes shut, for, sheltered from the wind in that deep doorway, he was taking forty winks under peculiar difficulties—bolt upright.

The warmest doorway, certainly, was that which he had selected, and at such a time it was not probable that he should have noticed whether or not the door-step had been recently hearthstone. As likely might he have been expected to observe that the door itself stood somewhat in want of a fresh coat of paint—that the bell-pull had been pulled until it had been almost pulled off, and the knocker knocked about much more than even knockers need expect to be. If, instead of selecting the warmest corner obtainable, he had been in search of the most neglected-looking house in the street, he would have chosen the one upon the threshold of which he stood—the house of Jabez Acre.

An ill-looking house certainly, with villainously dirty window-blinds—black sheep among its trim neighbours—a house which had in its time been called hard names and among other accusations, with more or less foundation, accused of being haunted. At any rate, haunted by dreadful memories if nothing more substantial, and bearing the worst of unlucky characters if one were to believe the tales which some silly old women, male and female, in the neighbourhood, had to tell about it.

Six years ago, according to some, Jabez Acre's father had been found dead in his bed, and folks had said that he was murdered; but why? There existed no reasonable cause for suspecting foul play. His death was not altogether unexpected. He had been seriously ill for some time past and the doctors attending him—he was rich, and, under such circumstances, generous, and bought the best advice and physic—said that he might be taken any moment. Because his old housekeeper, entering his bed-room, found him lying dead, with distorted face, curving spine, and twisted fingers, clutching the coverlet, looking no doubt a horrible spectacle in the grey morning light, she, flying from the scene in terror, raised a wild alarm of his having been murdered.

But that he died of natural causes was satisfactorily proved—over and over again for that matter—at the coroner's inquest held on his body, and in due course his years and virtues were

recorded upon stone in a church-yard hard by—the former in number seventy-two, the latter innumerable.

And who shall say that he was not regretted? Even his son Jabez—a man thoroughly master of his emotions, took a whole week's holiday from work to overcome his grief, and looked paler and thinner when next he showed himself citywards, wearing a hat-band in memory of the deceased and (which is noteworthy) wearing it upon one of the dead man's hats, purchased a few days before his fatal illness, and, as Jabez said himself, too good to be wasted.

Only because the house was an unlucky one with an evil reputation, and for no other reason, could the over-wise of those parts have rushed at the conclusion that there had been foul play in Iacobus Acre's case, and said that he was murdered. They said it was odd. In that they all persisted. Iacobus Acre was not the first by several, about whose death there had been something strange, and who had died in the same house.

Strangely horrible the death of its last inmate, who had hanged himself in the cupboard in the back parlour upon the identical peg from which he was wont, in life, to suspend his overcoat, and on which ever after any other garments hanging took (the gossips said) the shape of the hanging man, awfully grim and angular.

In the upper rooms, at one time, the same authorities asserted a lord's mad wife had fretted away ten weary years in solitary confinement. Some could be found willing to testify to having seen her pale wan face, gazing from between the strongly barred windows, anxious, piteous, terror-stricken, as it seemed to them, with so much silent, pent-up misery in its expression that the thought of it for a long while afterwards would haunt their dreams. With windows strongly barred, yet not so strongly but that at last, after ten years spent, tiger-like pacing her den, she managed to make her escape, and flung herself down into the street below.

Perhaps, too,—who shall say?—this suffering lady's spirit still haunted her prison-house, or perhaps the ghost of old Iacobus, or of the man, name unknown, who hanged himself upon the peg. At any rate, it would not have been Mr. Jabez Acre's doorstep I should have chosen knowingly to take my forty winks in on that bitterly cold March night in eighteen hundred and forty.

And our friend who had made this unwise selection was doomed to be disturbed before the completion of his nap. Somewhere between the fortieth wink that was to have been, and the thirtieth wink that had been, but at which particular wink there is at this lapse of time no record remaining to us, Mr. Policeman fancied that he heard a scream.

In a drowsy way he opened his eyes, and, advancing his nose so that it just protruded beyond the door-post, looked up and down the street. There was nothing to be seen in either direction, so he turned his attention towards the houses over the way. There all was still.

"It was on this side, I suppose," said he. "Some one got the nightmare, perhaps. I shouldn't mind if I'd got it myself, as long as I was atween the blankets."

Having settled the matter thus, Mr. Policeman was undecided whether he should take any more of his nap or continue his dreary ramble.

"I expect I must be moving," he continued, some sixty seconds later. "What a beast of a night!"

He had again thrust his nose out, but a piercing blast from the river had driven him back into his place of refuge, where he screwed himself up in the smallest possible compass, as close to the door as he could get.

"But I must be moving," he added presently, as though in remonstrance with the wind which unreasonably detained him, and thus expressing himself, closed his eyes. Scarcely were they closed, however, when another scream broke the silence of the night—a loud, shrill scream, as though of agony, but a man's cry, very dreadful to hear; then another, and another; then groans, and the sounds of hurrying feet within the house.

Mr. Policeman, now wide awake, stood still and listened—heard nothing more; waited, and listened more intently, and then, braving the wind, went out into the middle of the road and stared up at the windows. They were dark; not a glimmer of light was anywhere visible, and everything now was as silent as the grave.

"If I didn't happen to know I was wide awake I should almost fancy I'd been dreaming," muttered the constable. "What the deuce does it mean?"

There was, however, no solution to the enigma obtainable from the exterior of Mr. Acre's house, and the policeman, after a somewhat lengthy contemplation of it, shuddered without exactly know-

ing why, and thought he would walk away. He therefore prowled slowly onwards, and turned the corner into Howard-street, stopped a moment at the corner to listen and look back, prowled on up Surrey-street, and reached the Strand.

"It's livelier here," he thought. "That moaning old Thames is enough to give a man the horrors."

However, somehow, although he spoke thus in the leading thoroughfare, and though he might very well have remained much longer in the Strand, something within him stronger than his own will drew the constable back to the spot he had recently quitted.

"I felt I must go back," he said, when afterwards relating the circumstances of the case to Mrs. Policeman at home. "I felt I must go, whether I would or not. I somehow felt so as I haven't felt before or since. I had a sort of feeling on me, like, that there was a mystery somewhere, and that I ought to get to the bottom of it."

He had been absent about twenty minutes, but when he returned the aspect of the street and Mr. Jabez's house was exactly as he had left them.

Not a soul was to be seen—not a sound to be heard. There was not the faintest glimmer of light in any of the windows. The whole street might have been lying dead. It might have belonged to some city stricken with a fatal plague, from which the inhabitants had fled in terror.

Mr. Policeman scanned thoughtfully the exterior of the house in which the cries had so suddenly arisen, and as suddenly died away again; and now that some time had passed since the occurrence which had startled him, he began to feel inclined to smile at his recent fears.

After all, there was nothing so very wonderful in a person crying out in his sleep, or in a sick man crying for help. The hurrying footsteps he had heard were those of some person going to the sufferer's assistance. Perhaps he had had a fit, and now was well again. At any rate, he was not suffering now, or he would still be screaming or groaning, and probably the other persons had gone to bed or to sleep again, for the house was now as silent as ever.

Thus meditating, Mr. Policeman smiled, and approached the doorway. He stepped lightly and noiselessly up the steps and stretched out his hand with the intention of trying whether the door was fast. He had his hand upon the handle, when it seemed to draw back from his grasp. The door opened, and he found himself face to face with an old man, who stood trembling upon its threshold.

A haggard old man, with wide, staring eyes and deadly white cheeks, with wryly-buttoned vest, as though hurriedly put on, with a flaxen wig all on one side, from under which a grey lock struggled over his left eye—an old man evidently more startled at the sight of the policeman than was that individual at the sudden apparition thus confronting him.

For a moment neither spoke. The old man supporting himself against the door-post, with one hand pressed the other against his side, as though to lull the throbbing of his heart.

"Is anything the matter?" asked the policeman.

"What do you say? What do you want?"

"I asked if anything was the matter, sir."

"No—no—that is, yes. I want a messenger to fetch a doctor for a gentleman who is dead."

"Who is dead?"

"I didn't say dead—who is dying. I want a cab, and, I dare say, I can manage to fetch a doctor."

"You seem ill, sir, yourself; will you take my arm?"

"No. Don't hold me like that as if I were—. Let me lean on you, I'm giddy. Where can we get a cab?"

"At the end of the street, sir. There's sure to be one passing. But there's a doctor lives just round the corner, if the gentleman's case is dangerous—"

"No, I want to fetch a doctor whom I know. There's a cab. Here. Hi! hi! stop. Help me in. How faint I am. Thank you. Tell him to drive to —. It's written on this paper. I can't see the words."

Underneath a street lamp the policeman puzzled out the writing, which was plain enough and in a woman's hand. It bore the name of Mr. Gay, the address being No. 10, Black Lion-lane, Bayswater-road.

Having informed the cabman where he was to drive, the policeman handed back the paper to the old man, and, as he drove away, stood staring after the vehicle until it was out of sight.

"There is something queer about the business," he thought to himself. "There was something wrong with the old man. If anything comes of it I'll remember Mr. Gay of Black Lion-lane. What makes them send so far for a doctor, and if the man is dead why send there at all? I know he said the man was dead, and I know there's something wrong."

By this time he had again returned to Norfolk-street, and stood facing the dark and silent house where, sure enough, a dreadful crime had been committed.

CHAPTER II.—THE MANNER OF HIS DEATH.

SCARCELY five months ago—scarcely five months before that 10th of March when Jabez Acre died—he had brought home his second wife after their brief wedding tri.

A strange match and a strange home for one so fair and young.

At seven o'clock one night towards the end of October—wild, windy, and cheerless—good Mrs. Winniker, a charwoman, carrying a basket upon her left arm, and a pair of pattens and a cotton umbrella in her right hand, breasted the hurricane raging furiously in Norfolk-street, and sought shelter in the same doorway in which, upon the 10th of March, Mr. Policeman took his nap.

Tugging at the jangling bell, she listened to its dying echo tinkling faintly through the house, and waited patiently for some one to let her in. In due course she heard a slipshod step upon the stairs, and then an untidy old woman, not over clean, came, candle in hand, to see who was there, and spoke to her through a narrow crevice of the half-opened door over the chain.

"It's only me, Mrs. Drake," the charwoman said from without; "and, oh, my goodness! do let me in, for it's a rainin' dreadful."

Seemingly satisfied that the applicant for admission harboured no burglarious intentions, the old woman slowly undid the chain and admitted her.

"Do you always fasten up that way?" asked the newcomer, with a slight smile. "You might be the Bank of England."

"I do what I'm told, Mrs. Winniker," replied the old woman, snappishly, "as others might do, too, and not be thought worse on."

"To be sure, Mrs. Drake," said Mrs. Winniker, in the same cheery tone in which she had before spoken; "and have they come yet?"

"No."

"It's past the time they said, though; ain't it?"

"It's past the time he said."

"What time did he say?"

"Half-past six."

"And now it's seven; but they'll be here directly, I suppose."

The old woman hazarded no supposition upon the subject, but led the way up the creaking stairs to a dark, panelled room, having a curiously earthy smell, and in which hissed and spluttered noiseily a freshly-lighted fire of damp wood.

"Have you got the things?" the old woman asked, looking towards the basket, from which Mrs. Winniker now produced certain small packets of grocery, a couple of tea-cakes, and half a pound of butter.

"It's lucky they have not come yet, as I wasn't in time," observed Mrs. Winniker; "the lady will be cold and tired, perhaps, when she comes, and glad of a nice warm cup of tea."

"If she gets everything she wants from this time forward she'll be lucky," replied Mrs. Drake. "I wish they'd come, though."

The old woman began to make the tea; and Mrs. Winniker, laying aside her shawl and bonnet, began to toast the tea-cake. They were silent for a time, and then the old woman, with a gesture of impatience, took a letter from where it lay upon the mantelpiece, and, drawing a candle near to her, made an attempt to decipher the cramped handwriting it contained.

"I haven't got my specs," she said, after a minute thus spent. "Look at it, Mrs. Winniker, will you, and tell me what you make of the time."

Thus conjured, Mrs. Winniker took her turn at the letter, and read thus:

"Saturday. I am coming home on Monday.

"Clean the place up. You can have a charwoman for half a day. I shan't pay more than a shilling.

"Light a fire, and make tea for two at half-past six.

"P.S.—I am married." "JABEZ ACRE.

"That's a funny kind of letter," said Mrs. Winniker, handing it back. "And shan't pay more than a shilling. An old scrum-mudger."

"What's there funny in it?" asked the old woman.

"There's no beginning, for one thing. Who's he wrote to?"

"To me."

"And the postscript's rather sing'lar, as if he'd forgot it to the last, and just stuck it in afore he fastened up the cover. Didn't he ever tell you he meant to?"

"Meant to what?"

"To get married, to be sure."

"No, he didn't."

"He don't waste many words about it now, does he?"

"He don't waste anything, if he can help."

"Not on chargin'?"

"Not on anythink. He's got plenty of money though, they say, if he liked to spend it; but he lends it instead."

"And puts the screw on, too, I'll bet a penny."

"I don't blame him if he does."

"Nor me neither."

Then, after a pause, Mrs. Winniker added, with a sigh, "Poor thing! I wonder whether she is young and pretty. I wonder whether— There's the bell."

Before the old woman had time to go downstairs the bell had rung twice, and the knocker thundered as often; although but little time was wasted on the way. Hastily, then, undoing the chain and pulling back the bolts, Mrs. Drake opened the door to let in the bride and bridegroom.

The wind and rain poured into the passage to the almost entire extinction of the candle which the old woman held on high to light the newly-married pair, and not until the door was closed could Mrs. Winniker, who stood upon the stairs, form any notion of what the master and mistress were like.

Before, however, the door was closed Mrs. Drake had peeped out into the street, as though in search of some vehicle—a carriage and four, perhaps, or a hand-barrow with the trunks and bandboxes. There were neither.

"What are you staring at?" Mr. Acre asked, sharply.

"I thought you'd got a cab, p'raps."

"No, we haven't. We didn't want a cab when we could come in the omnibus to the street corner."

He was not a very pleasant-looking bridegroom, this Mr. Jabez Acre—about forty, perhaps, very spare and sallow, tightly buttoned up in a shabby old threadbare great-coat, the collar of which half hid his great red ears. By his side stood a slim young figure, that of a woman of twenty years at most, very quietly and plainly dressed, and wearing a thick veil over her face.

To her the old woman made some sort of compromise between a respectful bow and a familiar nod as she bade her good evening. The lady bade her good evening, also in a low voice, and then asked Mr. Acre whether the things would come soon.

"They won't be long, I suppose."

"I should like to go to bed; I am very tired, and my head aches very badly."

"The tea is laid upstairs, ma'am," said Mrs. Drake; and Mr. Jabez Acre, preceding his wife, led the way, while Mrs. Winniker, frightened by the husband's loud, harsh voice, shrank trembling back, afraid to utter the kindly words which had risen to her lips.

The young wife followed Mr. Acre slowly and in silence, and as she reached the threshold of the dingy sitting-room heaved a low sigh, and, sinking into the first chair she came to, gazed hopelessly around upon the sordid furniture, the mean meal prepared for her, and the smokey fire, burning black and cheerless in the grate.

"I wish papa had been here to meet me," she said, after a pause.

"What would be the good of that?" the man asked. "You will see him all in good time. You'd better have some tea. Where's Jane?"

"In her room, sir, I think."

"Why isn't she here? Here, Jane, I say!" And, responsive to his call, Jabez's daughter—the daughter of his former wife—came forth from out the darkness of the stairs to welcome them.

At her approach the young wife arose and raised her veil, then stretched forth her arms as though she would have taken the girl to her heart, but Jane Acre shrank back and eyed her mistrustfully.

Thus for a moment they stood face to face, these the two heroines of this strange history.

The wife, Ruth Acre, aged twenty, with soft brown hair and tender brown eyes, with slim but graceful figure, and with pale cheeks and colourless lips that trembled, now, with half-concealed emotion.

The daughter, Jane, fifteen at most, slim also, and as deadly pale, but with lustreless, yellow hair smoothly braided, and cold, grey eyes, in which was not the faintest glimmer of love or friendliness.

"Won't you speak to me, my dear," the elder asked, advancing her hand. "Do you not know who I am?"

"Yes, you are my father's wife."

"Your mamma."

"No, she is dead."

Jabez Acre had left the room when Ruth first spoke, accompanied by the old woman who was lighting the way for him to a cupboard on the landing, a place where he kept locked up a gin bottle and other treasures.

The young wife glanced timidly around to see whether she was observed, and then as timidly approached the girl, placed her arm round her neck, and, drawing her towards her, kissed her cheek.

"How cold you are!"

"I'm never very warm," the other replied.

"Come near the fire."

"No, thank you."

"Do you not like the fire?"

"Not much."

"You must have found it very dull while your father was away?"

"No."

"You have other companions?"

"Mrs. Drake."

"I mean of your own age."

"No."

"Some other friends, though?"

"I have no friends."

"And you do not go to school, I think?"

"No; my mamma taught me what I know."

"We must try and be good friends, Jane. I think we shall, shall not we?"

But the young girl made no answer.

Jabez Acre had returned by now with the bottle of spirits of which he had been in quest, and a dreary meal began, interrupted but little by conversation. As soon as it was over the wife asked to be shown to her room, and presently Jane disappeared, as quietly as she had come awhile ago. Then Jabez, lighting a lamp, went downstairs to a sort of office he had upon the ground floor, and was soon busy with his books and papers. The old woman retiring to her kitchen, somewhere down in a vault-like-smelling subterranean region, the time came for Mrs. Winniker to take her departure, which she did, a shilling the richer for her visit, but not without grumbling at the master's niggardliness.

"Goodness me, though!" she said aloud, and heaving a deep sigh as she hoisted her umbrella. "It's comfortable out here, spite of the wind and rain. It's ever so much more cheerful, spite of the wet and cold."

All the way home the good soul rang the changes upon this sentiment. There was not a forlorn wretch who shambled past her, hugging himself in his rags and misery, but she said mentally, "Even you are not worse off than some of them that's got a fine house and a water-tight roof to shelter em." There was not a street corner she turned facing the bitter blast, which on every such occasion seemed to be lying in wait and to rush out furiously to wreak its vengeance upon her comely face and ruddy cheeks and to play the dickens with her fluttering skirts, but she would say defiantly, "Blow your worst; I don't care how hard so that I keep my legs. I havn't very far to go afore I'll be home where, thank God, though it's poor, there's smiling faces waiting for me." And more than once, after a thoughtful five minutes, she would break the silence with such a speech as this—"Poor thing! poor soul! What made her marry him? What made her tie herself to a man she could never love. What a life's in store for her! What a future! God help her! God save my own dear little ones from such a fate!"

And when at last she reached her home—humble enough, but clean within, and not quite uncomfortable—where, sure enough, an apple-headed man and several small likenesses of herself bade her a broad-grinning welcome, perhaps she caught them tighter than usual to her breast and saw them through a tearful mist which the recollection of the scene she had left, and the contrast here before her, had caused to gather, unbidden, before her eyes.

May tales of sorrow have the same soothing influence upon all of us, and this poor pen, now working for your recreation, write here and there a few odd words that shall awaken kindly thoughts and bring together loving hearts estranged, not by lack of sympathy, but from the want of some unspoken sentence long delayed.

Truly a weary waste was that which lay before the young wife. On Jabez Acre's hard-featured face Nature in capitals had written rogue and ruffian. A cold-blooded, calculating rascal, whose dirty work of money-grubbing required all the heart he had, leaving no place for wife or daughter. By a thousand and one knavish tricks and mean artifices had he scraped together the gold he now let out at usurious interest. By laying lie on lie as men lay brick on brick to build a house, this worthy son of the departed Jacob, of innumerable virtues, filled his money-bags. By, who shall say, what vile rascallities, from an errand boy he crept from desk to desk in his master's office, until lending his master money, which he could not repay, he claimed to be a partner as a right, and presently threatened to break up the business and turn his late employer out of doors.

It was the daughter of his partner, Mr. Richard Gladless, whom he brought home in the way we have seen that rainy October night; but it is not here that I must tell the tale of the daughter's sacrifice and the father's cowardice and crime. As to the former marriage nothing need be said about it, save that twixt man and wife existed during the latter's life as little love as now remained twixt Jabez and his child. He had married her for money, and got it and broke her heart, and he now kept the girl because, just at present, he did not see how he was to get rid of her; meaning so to do, however, when the proper time came.

During that first night Ruth Acre passed beneath her husband's roof in Norfolk-street, the wind, which moaned around the house and shook the window-frames with angry violence, made fearful havoc out at sea, and when the morning came, upon the coast at many places, lay fragments of wrecks, and, now and then, a drowned man, who in the darkness had been washed ashore, and there was left a broken toy as it were with which the waves had played out their game and were wearied.

Perhaps the angry wind helped to spoil the slumbers of the inmates of Jabez Acre's dwelling, for they slept but little. Somewhere in the vaults where it was the wont of Mrs. Drake to lay herself out, getting up again in the morning with creaking joints and a hollow cough, and coming to the surface sallow and croaking, more as though arising from her grave than from the turn-up bedstead the capitalist's liberality provided her with, she tossed and tumbled

through the night, and was more than ordinarily disturbed by the incursions of black beetles.

Coming from among his books and papers only when the small hours were growing so large that it seemed scarce worth while to go to bed at all, the money-lender sought his couch, looking haggard and weary, and ten years older than when he overnight had entered the house.

In her grimly furnished bedroom in which a flickering rush-light flung out strange goblin shadows on the naked walls, Ruth lay long hours awake, and brooding wearily upon the past—gone never to return—and the future, pregnant with foreboding evil.

In another bedroom higher up, more meanly furnished, more cold and cheerless, Jabez Acre's daughter kept vigil at the window, nor quitted it until the first streak of dawn stole over the city, and the life of another day began.

A haunted house! aye, haunted by the ghosts of dead hopes—stifled affections. A house divided against itself, which must surely fall.

With morning came Mr. Richard Gladless, the partner—he who in the last chapter was described as wearing a flaxen wig, he who went in search of Mr. Gay, of Black Lion-lane—and there were that morning some long accounts which the partners had to go through together, not to be settled, however, without many angry words and some threats.

A month later Gladless had come to live with his son-in-law for economy's sake. Two months and Jabez Acre spoke of filing his schedule. Three months and he seemed twenty years older, but was still busy with a score of speculations.

Four months and what little shallow pretence of affection had ever existed between him and his wife was laid aside, and scowls, and threats, and sullen discontent had taken their place: then the wife praying for death to release her from her irksome bondage: the father, by times pot-valorous, then supplicatingly mauldin, but always very pitiful and craven-hearted: the girl Jane, silent and thoughtful, seemingly timid and mistrustful of all around her a quiet, inoffensive girl, backward for her age, almost childish, singularly obstinate in her retirement from all society.

Five months, and Jabez Acre's busy brain had wrought out a plan by which he might save enough from the impending wreck to live upon in retirement; but the plan is but just laid, and the plot just begun, when some unknown hand in the house is raised against his life.

Upon the first of March he was first taken ill and refused medical aid. On the fifth he was well enough to go out and attend to his business. On the sixth he had a relapse, but recovered again on the seventh. He was slightly ill again on the eighth. On the morning of the ninth he pronounced himself as well as ever he had been. At half-past two o'clock on the morning of the tenth he was seized with violent convulsions. By four o'clock, after suffering great agony, he died.

It was not likely that he had committed suicide. A more abject coward than was this money-grubber it would have been difficult to find. He would not have dared to lay violent hands upon himself. Besides, he clung too tenaciously to life—life with the greatest poverty—with starvation—with all endurable suffering, but still life—life at any price.

As his last moments were approaching he moaned and shivered, between the paroxysms of pain, in a pitiful terror of the death which threatened him. Whining like a lashed cur, with the sweat of deadly fear upon his face, he sobbingly owned his cowardice.

Just before the crisis came he cried out, in accents of piteous entreaty:

"Send for help—go fetch the doctor—two or three doctors. Give me something to save me. I can't die. I dare not die. I won't die. Don't let me die. For God's sake save me."

As a drowning man might have clung, in frantic desperation, to a slippery boat-side, or to fragile blades of grass upon a river's bank, so this poor wretch clutched, with his claw-like hands, at the mattress on which he lay, seeming thus madly striving to save himself from the abyss, over the edge of which his guilty soul was tottering.

Throughout his illness his family afterwards protested he had used to call in a doctor. Among his effects was an old medicine chest, the bottles in which contained some half-spoilt remains of various drugs, and from this he had physicked himself, with what success we have seen. It was suggested by some persons that there might have been poison in the chest, which he had taken by mistake. Upon examination, however, no bottle was found which had contained any deadly drug.

At the earlier stages of his illness he attributed his indisposition to cold. "A bad cold has got hold of me," he was heard to say, "and I have been sticking to work a little too hard." Several times during his illness his wife entreated him to have advice, but during the last night, when he was for the most part insensible, she had taken no steps to obtain medical aid; and when at last it was quite certain that he was dead, she had sent to the other end of London for a doctor—for what purpose we shall presently see.

As his last hour approached, the idea that there had been foul play seemed to enter his mind. Raising himself in bed as his wife approached him with a glass of medicine, he caught her by the waist:

"You white-faced devil," he hissed between his teeth; "you're poisoning me—I know it. I've watched you. But I won't die; no, I shall live to see you hanged."

She stood, there, scared into a trembling helplessness, and the glass fell from her hand.

"Ah, it's split," he said; "that is to hide the crime, but I'll be even with you yet," and he made as though he were about to ring the bell and summon assistance. Convulsions, however, came upon him at the moment, and he fell back powerless.

When the last moment arrived, he, as I have said, called for the doctors, and almost the same instant renewed his accusation of treachery against his wife, and with his last breath denounced her as his murderer.

Old Mrs. Drake, listening upon the stairs, heard the words he used, and his daughter and his father-in-law were at the time in the chamber of death. Hoarsely whispering unintelligible threats, the dying man shook his fist impotently, and glared around with wild dilated eyes, then the last agonies took possession of him, and he spoke no more.

Nearly half an hour afterwards, as we have seen, Richard Gladless went forth in search of the doctor, or a person whom he spoke of as a doctor, living in Black Lion-lane, Bayswater. This person having supplied the customary certificate to the registrar, upon which it appeared that the deceased died from natural causes, Mr. Jabez Acre was buried within five days of his death in the grave which held his father.

The reasons for which a secret investigation into the mysterious circumstances of the case was first instituted, and the strange disclosures made during the inquiry will be related in the chain of evidence to be unfolded in this history.

(To be continued)

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER is the third and youngest son of the late John Landseer, A.R.A., F.S.A., sometime Associate Engraver to the Royal Academy, and was born in London in 1802. His genius was precocious; he excelled in animal painting while a mere boy, and was a student of the Academy in 1816. His first pictures were exhibited when he was little more than fourteen years of age, and at once attracted great attention, giving great promise of future excellence.

Landseer's most famous pictures which have been exhibited in the Royal Academy are:—"A Highland Breakfast," 1834; "The Drover's Departure," 1835; "A Fireside Party," 1829; "The Dog and the Shadow," 1826; "There's no Place like Home," 1842; "The two Dogs," 1822; "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," 1837; "A Quack in Office," 1833; "Tethered Rams," 1839; "Sancho Panza and Dapple," 1824; "Angler's Guard," 1824; "Suspense," 1834; "Comical Dogs," 1836; "Young Roebuck and Rough Hounds," 1840; "The Eagle's Nest," 1834—the whole of which are in the Sheepshank's collection, and may be seen at the South Kensington Museum, as also the famous pair, "Peace" and "War." Perhaps more widely known still is the "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," "Titania," "Laying Down the Law," and "The Late Duke of Wellington, accompanied by his Daughter-in-Law, visiting the Field of Waterloo," more recent productions, and the latter picture especially is as well known as any of the great artist's masterpieces.

In 1858 he exhibited his "Deer Stalking," the first of his large chalk drawings which have since become so popular. "Doubtful Chums" and "A Kind Star" were exhibited in 1859; the "Flood in the Highlands" and "The Shrew Tamed" severally in 1860 and 1861. Since then some three or four remarkable pictures have appeared, "Windsor Park," "Pair of Nutcrackers," &c. Landseer is better known, perhaps, to the public than any living artist, from the fact of his works being so justly popular as engravings. For the past eight years his name has been continually before the public in connection with the long-expected lions, which, commissioned by the Government in 1859, have appeared in 1867, and stamped our great painter as a great sculptor. There has been a question raised by some critics as to whether the Nelson lions were not too large for the column; but this appears to us to look as though the writers were afraid of noticing a work of art, however great, without finding at least one weak point to lay hold of. At any rate, we believe we are correct in asserting that all the critics are unanimous in the opinion that the figures are perfect in themselves.

FATAL STRUGGLE AT TINTAGEL BETWEEN A MADMAN AND HIS KEEPER.

In our last week's impression we gave a brief notice of the death-struggle between a lunatic at Tintagel and his keeper, Thomas Baker. A more horrible death than that of the ill-fated Thomas Baker it is not possible to conceive. Smith was a poor man whose late employment had been to cart sand from the sea-side to the various farms in the neighbourhood. For some little time past he had shown signs of slight mental derangement; and recently, amongst the more alarming symptoms, he was continually harping on the subject of self-destruction. Several of his most humane neighbours undertook to sit up at night with him alternately, and on the Friday the duty fell upon the unfortunate man Baker. It appears that in the course of the night, in order to humour one of the lunatic's whims, he accompanied the latter for a walk along the turnpike-road, which is cut through the rock. At a certain point this road is open to the sea; on arriving here the madman suddenly fell upon his keeper, and dragged him down towards the water. A fearful struggle ensued: Thomas Baker battled with his antagonist as one only can who fights for life itself; but the frenzy of madness lent such tremendous power to the lunatic that the unhappy Baker strove hopelessly in his clutches. For a minute or two Baker fought almost as madly as his opponent, and doubtless suffered the most acute mental agony. But his fears were short-lived. His puny struggles availed him not. In the space of two minutes the wretched man he had so humanely served dragged him to death. Baker was forced down into the water, desperately contesting every step in vain; and his mad assassin fell upon him. By a most curious chance there were two eye-witnesses of the appalling tragedy—two women, who could only watch the battle from a distance in helpless terror. They saw the death-struggle renewed in the water, and plainly distinguished poor Baker making feeble, yet frantic efforts for his own salvation; but the lunatic held him down with an overpouring force until a heavy roller carried them both away. It was only on Saturday afternoon that Smith's body was washed ashore. Our illustration vividly depicts the awful scene at one of the most critical moments of the struggle.

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, CLERKENWELL.

St. James's Church, Clerkenwell, was rebuilt in 1788, upon the site of the old structure, which, together with the natural elevation of the site, has rendered it a conspicuous object for many miles around, and when viewed at a short distance its aspect is imposing.

It is constructed of stone and brick, and the workmanship is of a superior character. The western tower is of stone, and is 100 ft. high. The body of the church is pierced by eight windows, and the extreme length of the church outside is 110ft.; the height of the body, 53ft.; and the width of the front at the basement, 62ft.

The interior is chaste and simple, and well in keeping with the general design. Marbled pillars support galleries on either side. There are also upper galleries supported by slender iron columns, and fringed by a handsome iron railing. They are intended for the accommodation of the Sunday School children. The gallery for the charity children are in the semi-circular recesses at the west-end. The total number of sittings in the church is 1,500, of which about 800 are free seats.

The present incumbent, the Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A., was elected in April, 1857, after a sharp contest with the supporters of his opponent, the Rev. Mr. Roberts, during which the greatest excitement prevailed in the parish, and all the parliamentary usages were brought into play. Indeed it was said to be a ground of complaint against Mr. Roberts, that he preached election addresses from the pulpit instead of sermons.

Our engraving this week shows the interior of St. James's Church, with Mr. Maguire in the pulpit.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

The accompanying engraving is an exquisitely-finished view of St. George's Hall, Liverpool—one of the finest buildings in the North, and certainly the handsomest in Liverpool, which is justly proud of possessing such a monument.

THE TATTERSALL TIPSTER.

UNDER this heading we purpose giving some reliable information to our subscribers from time to time. Without wishing to assume any undue importance, we may mention that we have no connection whatsoever with any members of the sporting press; and that such intelligence as we possess is derived from head-quarters.

At starting, perhaps it is only fair to mention that our heading may sometimes be inappropriate, inasmuch as we shall make no attempt at foretelling the winner of a race, unless our selection is guided by more weighty reasons than appear in our words.

The first great event to which the patrons of the Turf are looking forward is the Lincoln Handicap; for this race very little is known amongst the self-styled clever division; nor has it been discussed at all by the sporting journals; but from what we can hear as yet from the number of horses entered, we should select the three following as the most likely to reach the winning-post in advance of the rest: Historian, Christmas Carol, and Ladylike, and of these we have excellent reasons for assigning to

HISTORIAN

the first place.

By speaking thus early it will give our speculating patrons an opportunity of investing their money advantageously; for, although pretty long odds are to be obtained at present, we are convinced that all three of the horses will see such short prices the wary sportsman will be able to secure himself by edging judiciously. Next week we expect to be in possession of farther information upon the Lincoln Handicap, but we feel convinced that, accidents excepted, we shall have no reason to make any alteration in our selection.

In our next impression we shall hope to give a word of advice upon the Chester Cup. For the present we cannot say much; a whisper has reached us that John Day's stable will supply the winner, and another voice has pronounced that the veteran trainer will select LECTURER to uphold the Danebury prestige.

For the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase we shall have a word to say a little later, as well as for the spring handicaps generally.

GENERAL SPORTING MEMS.

H. Covey is now engaged to Count Bathyan, and will in future reside at Newmarket.

Lord Poulett's Benazet and Brahma were struck out of the Birmingham Grand Annual the instant the weights appeared.

Whitehall was struck out of the Birmingham Grand Open Steeplechase immediately the weights were published.

Mr. H. Delamarre has purchased Prétendu, half brother to Florentin.

Mr. John Daly, clerk of the course at Carlisle, died on Saturday last, aged 63.

F. Francis has, it is said, been engaged to train for Count G. de Lehndorf.

Mr. T. Marshall has been appointed clerk of the course at Bedford, vacant by the death of the late Mr. Rogerson.

WEST DRAYTON EACES.—The various stakes at this meeting have closed with 108 entries. There will be ten races in the two days, besides a match for £200 the first day.

We are in a position to state that the Ladies' Rowing Club is progressing favourably, and, we doubt not, will turn out several good "fours" during the coming aquatic season.

It is said that Major Elwon has put his jockey, Snowdon, a thousand pounds to nothing on Plaudit, in the event of his winning the Guineas.

On Tuesday, the 29th January, his Excellency Kalil Bey visited for the first time his training stables at La Morlaye, near Chantilly, accompanied by Baron Nivière and Major Fridolin.

The City Amateur Athletic Club's Open Handicap Races will come off at the County Middlesex Grounds, Caledonian-road, Islington, on Saturday, the 23rd inst., at two o'clock in the afternoon.

James Grimshaw, the celebrated jockey, was married, on Friday last, to Miss Harriet, second daughter of Mr. Joseph Saxon, of Lambourne. The ceremony took place in the parish church of Lambourne, in the presence of a great number of the friends and well-wishers of the happy couple, who are about to take up their residence at Bishoppton.

Mr. Carter's William, 4 yrs., and Mijauré (brood mare), also M. Roussel's Girouette, which were bought for the King of Italy a short time since, have arrived safely at the royal stables, near Turin, after an eight days' journey from Paris. The snow on passing Mount Cenis was as high as the top of the telegraph posts. It is the intention of the King of Italy to again commence racing, and Jones, who formerly was in his stables, but who latterly has been living with Mr. T. Carter, sen., at Chantilly, has again entered the King's service as first jockey, and will leave Chantilly in a few days for Italy.

Arrangements are in progress for the second year's trial of sporting dogs in the field on game. Prizes will be awarded for dogs best educated for field sports and their general merits in hunting and on game. The trials will take place on grouse and partridges, and prizes and certificates of qualifications for young-seasoned and stud pointers and setters will be given. The locale selected for the public trials is in Staffordshire, and the Marquis of Anglesey has offered his grouse moors at Cannock Chase, and the Earl of Shropshire will permit his partridge moors to be hunted for birds. There are already many entries, and the list is yet open to the public. The day for competition is not decided upon, as the grouse are yet packed, and partridges in large coveys and wild; but as soon as birds couple off, and will lie to the dogs, the trial will come off. The affair is under very distinguished patronage, and excites much interest amongst sportsmen and the lovers of a good field dog.

Thomas Aldcroft, jockey, of Middleham, passed his examination in the Leeds Bankruptcy Court on the 1st inst. He owed £1,427, and he had £50 worth of furniture as assets. There were £372 worth of debts which the bankrupt set down as good; of that sum £365, he said, was due from the late Earl of Strathmore. The solicitor of the executors had written to the official assignee to say that they knew nothing of the claim, and that no account had been sent in before the bankruptcy, although claims had been repeatedly advertised for by the executors (we understand, however, it is not unlikely the whole of this claim will be paid). The bankrupt's accounts show a deficiency of £761 10s. 2d., which there is nothing to explain. His personal expenditure for the past year he puts down at £150, while for previous years it had been £450 per annum. Mr. I. Anson, of Malton, a creditor for £157, was the assignee in this bankruptcy. Among other creditors was Mr. John Jackson, of Fairfield, York, for £120, lent money; Lord Courtenay, £50; Mr.

C. Rayner, of Newmarket, £100. In the list of debtors to the estate for "services," are the names of Mr. E. R. Clarke, Mr. G. Gregory, M.P., Lord Cardross, the Baron Nivière, Count Hahn, Mr. J. M. Stanley, &c. Mr. Bond, solicitor, appeared for the assignees, who offered no opposition, and a discharge was granted.

The proceedings at the clubs on Saturday were vested with extraordinary interest, and the amount of speculation was greater than for many months past. The Two Thousand and Derby favourites, not one of whom, if we are to believe report, is fit to run for a £50 plate, were hotly assailed, and, in the excitement which prevailed during the operation of certain gentlemen supposed to be always in the happy state of knowing what they are about, the claims of the Lincolnshire Handicap were, for the moment, lost sight of. Plaudit was backed at 4 to 1 for £100, while the odds offered against Hermit increased from 7 to 10 to 1, when a baeker came to the rescue; but 11 to 1 was afterwards offered and taken. Finally Mr. Chaplin's colt left off at 10 to 1 offered. Julius was rather "shaky," and now it was poor Markaman's turn to be "shot" at, for after 250 to 20 had been taken about Mr. Merry's candidate, he receded to 14 to 1, whilst one of the "operators" offered to bet a level hundred that he would not run. Van Amburgh, about whom there has lately been some tall talk and cautious whisperings, was backed by a well-known commissioner at 3,000 to 90, and 1,000 to 30, and this spirited operation was quite refreshing after the unhealthy symptoms indicated by the favourites. For the Derby The Rake at one time receded to 10 to 1, offered, but ultimately met with support at 8 to 9 to 1. D'Estournel would have been backed at 9 to 1, but 9 to 1 was the highest price offered, while Plaudit receded to 12 and 13 to 1, and Hermit went back to 20 to 1 offered.

MONDAY'S BETTING.—TATTERSALL'S.

Speculation this afternoon was dull in the extreme, as our quotations will show. The only animals backed for any money for the Derby was the Rake and D'Estournel, 9 to 1 being accepted about each, but the Rake was supported for most money. Plaudit was in rather better odour for the Guineas, 4 to 1 being accepted; and Lecturer was the only animal invested upon for the Chester Cup. The following were the quotations:

LINCOLN HANDICAP.

100 to 15 agst Christmas Carol (off)

LIVERPOOL STEEPELECHASE.

14 to 1 agst Surney (off)

15 to 1 — Columbia (off)

CHESTER CUP.

1000 to 60 agst Lecturer (t)

1000 to 40 — Mousley (off)

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

4 to 1 agst Plaudit (t and off)

10 to 1 — Hermit (off)

12 to 1 — Marksman (t)

12 to 1 — Julius (t)

100 to 6 — Vauban (t; 100 to 25, 1 2 3 t)

100 to 6 — Knight of the Garter (t)

DERBY.

9 to 1 agst D'Estournel (t and w)

9 to 1 — The Rake (t to 500?)

25 to 1 — Marksman (t to 254)

1000 to 35 — Master Butterly (off)

1000 to 30 — Vauban (off)

1000 to 20 — Enchanteur (off)

1000 to 15 — Trocadero (off)

1000 to 12 — Imperator (off)

SPORTING FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY.

RACING.

Lincoln	19	West Drayton.....	26
Harrow	21	Derby	24
Nottingham	26		

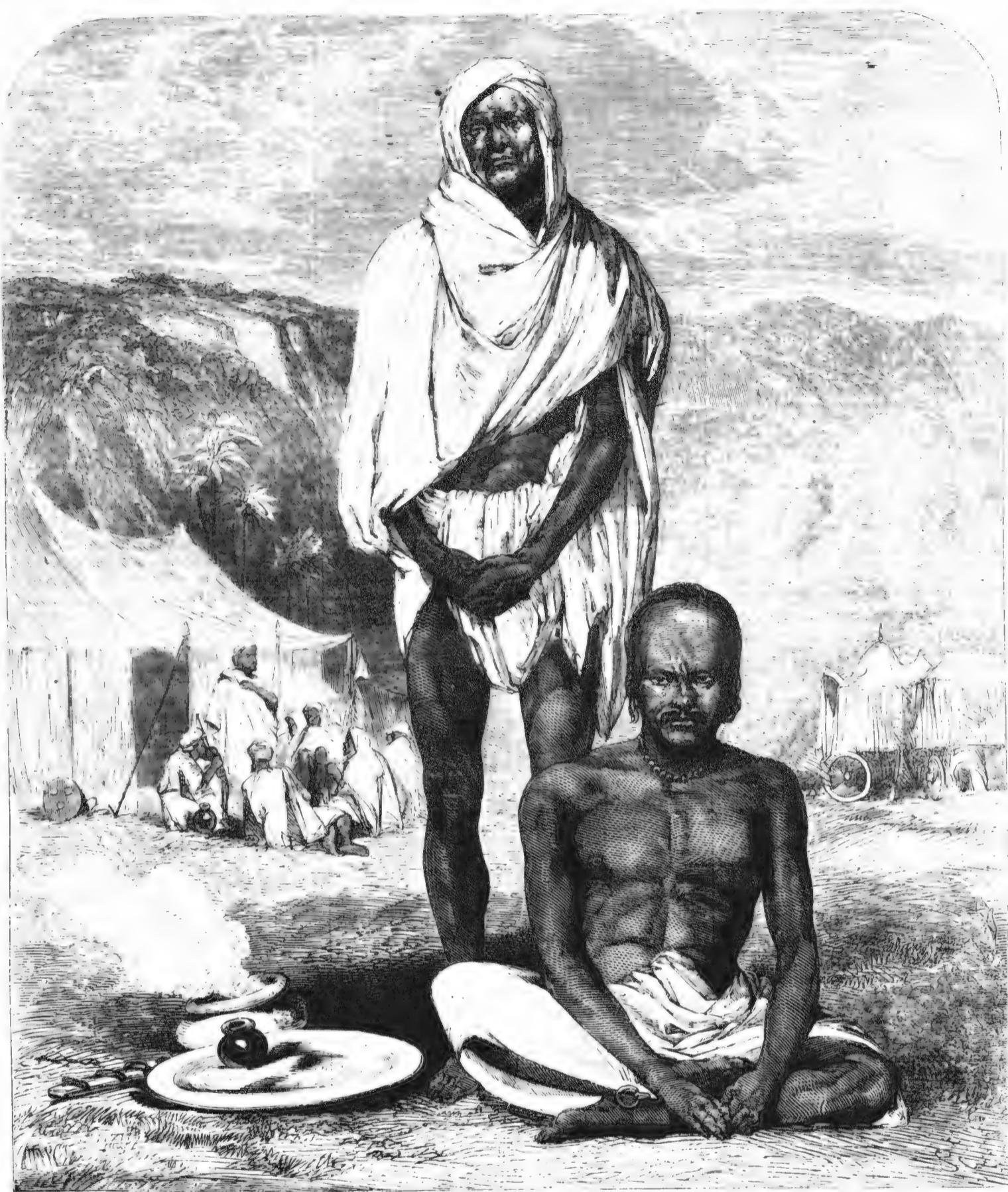
Prees	Salop	Mr. Warwick	11
Audlem	Cheshire	Mr. Warwick	12
Mamble	Worcestershire	Mr. Brain	12
Wigtownshire Club (Stranraer)	Wigtownshire	Mr. Boulton	12 & f d
Malton	Yorks	Mr. Spafford	12, 13
Cardiff Club	Glamorganshire	Mr. Warwick	14, 15
Barton-upon-Humber	Lincolnshire	Mr. Spafford	15, 16
Waterloo (Altcar)	Lancashire	Mr. Warwick	20 & f d
Tamworth (Open)	Staffordshire	Mr. Warwick	26 & f d

THE FRENCH PRESS QUESTION.

A FRENCH semi-official journal, whilst denying that the new law the press had been decided upon, states that the measure will be extremely liberal, and that several clauses have been agreed to which will give satisfaction to journalists of all colours. The case of the printers is also under consideration. One of their chief desires is to get rid of the responsibility which makes them censors of all the works brought to them for publication. On this point the *Gazette des Tribunaux* contains an instructive trial. Some months ago M. Gregory Ganesco bought the "Nain Jaune," which M. Poupart-Davyl agreed to print for five years. After the fourteenth number the printer, having been fined for one number, refused to continue printing, and the Civil Tribunal of the Seine has just condemned him to pay 5,000 francs damages in spite of the plea that he was afraid to go on printing a journal hostile to the Government. The court decided that M. Poupart-Davyl had undertaken the printing of his own free will, and that if a printer was bound not to print anything contrary to law, morality, and religion, he was also bound by a not less solemn duty to fulfil his engagements, and he could not be allowed to break these merely on the supposition that the "Nain Jaune" might again incur the displeasure of the Minister of the Interior. This case sufficiently shows the difficult position in which the printers are placed.

You can restore health and strength without medicine, inconvenience, or expense by eating Du Barry's delicious health-restoring Invalid and Infants' Food, the Revolenta Arabia, which yields thrice the nourishment of the best meat, and cures Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Headburns, Nervous, Bilious, Liver, and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures, including that of his Holiness the Pope, which had resisted all other remedies for thirty years. Du Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London. In tins, at 1s. 1d.; 1lb., 2s. 9d.; 12lbs., 22s.; 24lbs., 40s. At all grocers.—[Advertisement.]

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]



INDIAN THUGS.

INDIAN THUGS.

ALTHOUGH recent advices from the far East remind us that Thuggism is not yet quite extinct in India, English rule has nearly obliterated that foul spot upon humanity. Our illustration depicts a group of these inhuman natives who had been pardoned on condition that they would become informers, and, to a certain extent, detectives in the suppression of Thuggee. A writer from India thus describes his acquaintance with them:—

"It was a curious feeling to be in conversation with men who had each committed his ninety or a hundred murders—to see the fingers that had strangled so many victims—to watch the process, for they were good-natured enough to act it. There was the unsuspecting traveller with his bundle; the decoy Thug, who engaged him in conversation; the two men, who at the given signal, were to seize; the executioner, standing behind with the handkerchief, ready to strangle the victim. They even went through the operation of searching the 'deceased,' upon whom they found nothing in this case; but they assured me this frequently happened in reality. The reader is of course aware that it is a part of the Thug's religion not to rob a live body. The crime of murder must precede that of theft. The play—the tragedy—over (to these domesticated demons it was a mere farce), they laughed at the solemn expression which, I doubt not, was stamped upon my features. These Thugs were permitted to have their families at Monghyr; and one morning, when I strolled down to their camp, an old man made five children, the eldest boy not more than eight years old, go through the business of strangling and robbing a victim. In one respect these urchins outdid their progenitors in the acting. They not only went through the ceremony of search-

ing the dead body, but, that done, they dragged it by the legs to a well, and in dumb show, threw it down, and then uttered a prayer to heaven!

"'Was that good?' said one of the children, running up to me for applause and reward. I scarcely knew what to reply. Before I had time to give any answer, the child's father said, 'No; it was not good. You used the handkerchief before the signal was given. Go through it again, and remember, this time, that you must have patience.' The boys began again, much in the same spirit that an actor and actress would go through the strangling scene in *Othello*, to please a fastidious manager.

"Approaching a very interesting-looking woman, of about two-and-twenty years of age, I said to her, 'What do you think of this?' She replied, in a proverb, 'The mango always falls beneath the shade of the parent tree.'—'But the crime?' said I. 'What think you of that?' She looked up with as lovely a pair of eyes as ever saw the light, smiled, and responded: 'Heaven will hold us all, Sahib!'

"I was about to reason with her, but her husband, with an expression of pride, interfered, and informed me that she had taken eighteen lives. 'Twenty-one!' she exclaimed. 'Eighteen only,' said he. 'Twenty-one!' she persisted, and ran them over, counting on her fingers the places and the dates when the murders were committed. Her husband then admitted that she was in the right, and, turning to me, remarked, 'She is a very clever woman, Sahib.'

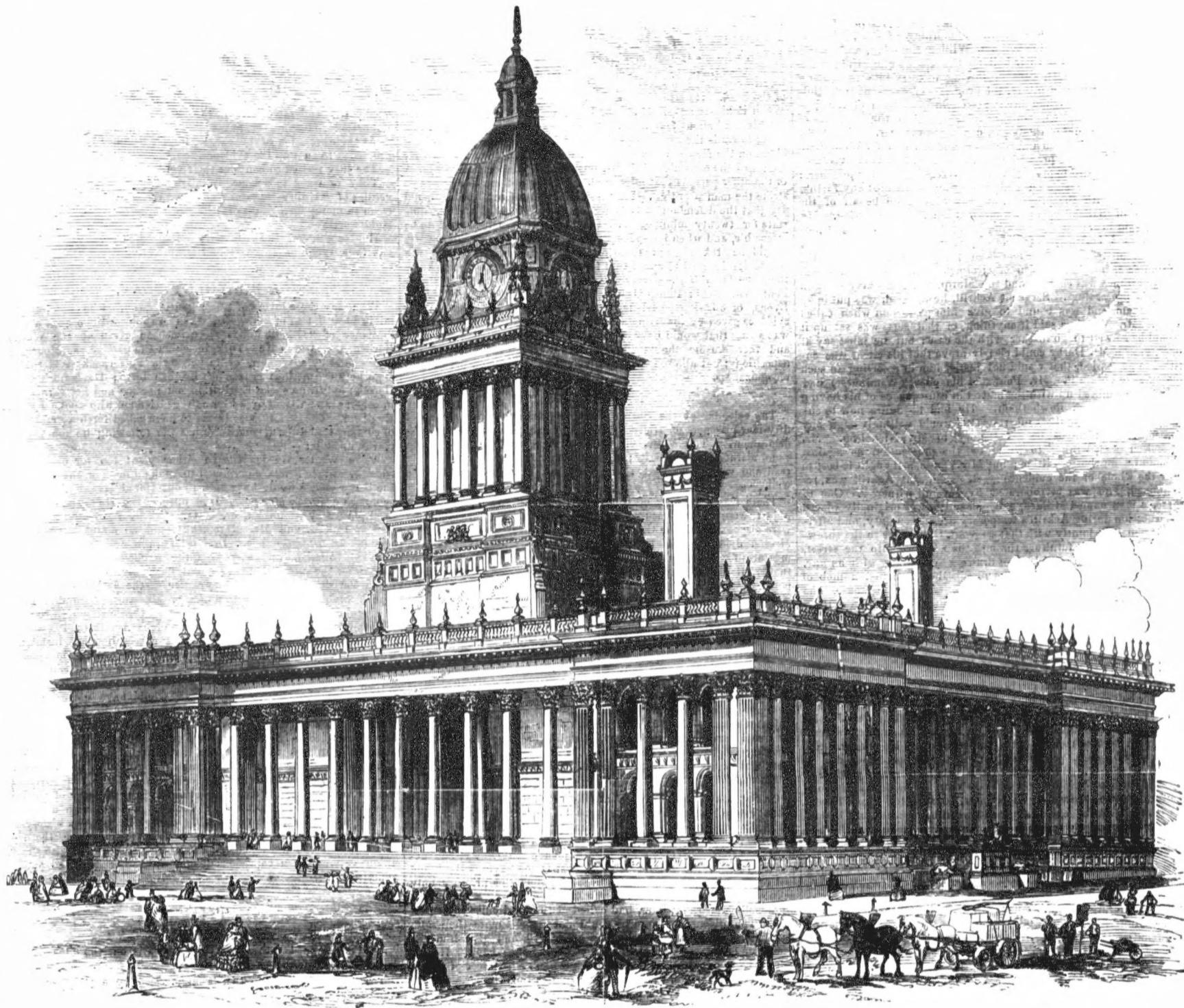
"'Were your victims men or women?' I said to her. 'All women,' she answered me. 'Some old and some young.'

"I was tempted to ask her to show me how it was done; and, after considerable coaxing, she complied with my wishes. To my sur-

prise, she was the only actor in the scene, except the victim, with whom she went through the process of strangling with a piece of cord. The victim, another Thug, was supposed to be sleeping when the operation was performed, and I could not help admiring—horrible as the sight was—the accuracy with which she performed the throes and agony of Death. To borrow an idea from Junius, 'None but those who had frequently witnessed such awful moments could describe them so well.'

BEGGING MONKS OF GRENADA.

THE ancient Kingdom of Grenada is one of the most mountainous regions of Spain. Vast sierras, or chains of mountains, destitute of shrub or tree and mottled with variegated marble and granites, elevate their sunburnt summits against a deep blue sky; yet in their rugged bosoms lie engulfed the most verdant and fertile valleys when the desert and garden strive for mastery. As in most catholic countries, the monastery here is an important institution, and the sympathies lead them to pay great deference to religious professions of all grades. In the streets may often be seen monks begging for alms, and but seldom is the common reply, "Perdon usted por Dios hermano" (excuse us brother for God's sake) heard in Spain when the monk holds forth his hand. Those upon whom this black mail is levied are generally the upper classes, but one artist has depicted a scene in which two well-to-do farmers, mounted on their mules, have been accosted by the monastic beggars, who know well that on market day they are sure of obtaining something for the good of the church.



ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL. (See Page 11.)

THE LIONS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

LAST week we gave our readers an engraving of one of the four noble brutes which now adorn the base of the Nelson column. Our very great and fast-increasing circulation compels us to go to press at such an early hour, that we had no time to remark upon the four lions, uncovered as they now are, and we hasten to supply that unavoidable omission.

Sir Edwin Landseer received the commission for the four lions nearly eight years since, and as long ago as the year eighteen hundred and sixty, the wits were pleased to be jocular at their non-appearance. Since that period a new generation of wags has grown up, and has had its quips at our great painter's expense; but these were awed into silence last week when the four colossal lions were unveiled to the public gaze. Every joke was hushed upon a glance at those couchant forest monarchs sitting in grim lionine majesty, worthy guardians of our great sea-captain up aloft, and noble evidence of our first animal painter's skill in the sister art.

The English public is proverbially patient, and it has got the reward at length that was well worth waiting for—even eight years—in the grand artistic finish to the chief object of interest upon what we are proud to call "the finest site in Europe." Not the least interesting fact in connection with the last grand addition to our national art-collection is that it is wholly and solely the work of Sir Edwin Landseer himself. From the shaggy manes to the tasseled tails of the colossal brutes the masterhand of the painter-sculptor has manipulated every atom of the work unaided by a single assistant; and as we see them upon their stone pedestals, so have they left the moulds untouched by hammer or chisel. The majesty of the four bronzes is naturally the first thing to strike you on catching sight of them; but upon nearer approach your whole admiration is unquestionably given to their extraordinary vitality.

The engraving in our last week's number depicts the attitudes of the lions far better than words can. That faithful portrait of one is the portrait of all; for, although we have examined them narrowly, we have failed to detect the smallest difference between the four. In this, however, we are open to correction.

It has been remarked, and with justice, by some benevolent writers who have used their able pens in defending Sir Edwin Landseer from the attacks of the public on the ground of his long delay in the execution of his task, that a great artist has invariably his work laid out for him for a long time in advance, and that, upon the principle familiarly known as "first come first served," he can-

not, in common fairness, forego private contracts in favour of any subsequent commission, even though it be for the British Government. The walls of our exhibitions have shown the public that Sir Edwin Landseer has not been idle; that he has had a vast amount of work to get through before he could for the nonce discard the brush. We are not prepared to state the length of time that the execution of this great labour may have taken Sir Edwin Landseer; but it is superfluous to remark that he has presented us with no rough piece of workmanship—that the greatest *connoisseurs* of this branch of art have pronounced it a work of grandly elaborate finish, and the question naturally suggests itself whether the modelling of the Nelson Lions alone may not have occupied an important portion of the seven or eight years which have elapsed since the Tory Government gave Sir Edwin Landseer the commission.

Some critics have complained that the bronzes are too large. Their great size is the first thing that strikes you; we believe that they are twenty feet long, and eleven feet in height, and these dimensions certainly sound enormous. But we must remember that the column itself is no dwarf pillar. Such absurdly exaggerated comparisons have been made concerning the apparent diminution in the dimensions of the column, that, mindful of the remarkable instances of absence of mind on the part of Sir Isaac Newton and other great men, we are inclined to suggest so simple a remedy for the optical illusion as the viewing of the column from a little distance off—say from the Terrace or the steps of St. Martin's Church, instead of standing flush up to the base. It certainly seems a childish suggestion to offer, but the art-critics who, standing within a few feet of the lions, expect to see the figure capping the column bear his proportionate stature to the figures at the base, must have about as much idea of perspective as the court-limer to the Emperor of China.

Another art-critic writing in a Liberal organ, concludes a verbose tirade of objections to the lions by denouncing the judgment of the *Tory* amateur who commissioned a painter to do a sculptor's work. It looks as though the art-critic were biased in his judgment by the recollection that Sir Edwin Landseer's latest work was executed at the instance of a *Tory* Government, and we would humbly submit that the jumbling up of party politics and art is not in the best possible taste. When we are political—and it is not often we confess—we are Liberal—nay, Radicals, Radicals to the back bone; but we fail to perceive the affinity between politics and art. Party feeling must be running high, indeed, and extending itself to all classes and conditions of men when even art-criticisms smack of the Talking House. After this we can expect to find a

Tory dramatic-critic running down Mr. Phelps's *Sir Pertinax Mac-syphant*, because Mr. Chatterton may have plumped for a Radical candidate at the last election!

THE NEWLY-ARRIVED JAPANESE.—The fourteen Japanese officers who arrived at Southampton on Saturday, are youths of high social rank, and have come to England to be educated at our universities. In dress, manners, and appearance they differ very little from the sons of English noblemen. The twelve Japanese jugglers who arrived in the same ship consist of seven men, two women, two boys, and a girl. The children are whirled round in huge humming tops, the others walk on the slack rope, and do the famous butterfly trick. This is a very clever performance; artificial butterflies are kept up in the air by means of a van, and made to alight upon flowers just as butterflies do. The men are rather under the middle size, but are well formed and good-looking. They wear a large cape over the shoulders. The women are the first who have ever left Japan; they are not so good-looking as the men; one of them has a peculiar broad flat face. The children are interesting. The professional costume of the jugglers is unique in form and colour. The girl was nursing a huge Japanese doll. The jugglers gave a performance on board the mail-packet in the Red Sea. The Japanese officers seemed quite conversant with English manners at the saloon dinner table. The jugglers used chopsticks.

SCULLERS' RACE £50.—On Monday afternoon the scullers' race between Bartholomew Murphy, of Shadwell, and Daniel Russell, of Rothehithe (both landsmen), took place from Putney to Mortlake, for £25. a side, in old-fashioned boats. The men have met twice before—once in the latter part of 1865, when Russell defeated his opponent, after being behind for four miles, and again in the early part of last year, when Murphy won, after a fine race to Hammersmith; and the present match was therefore made to find, if possible, which was the better man. Murphy was in splendid condition, but the same cannot be said of his opponent; both weighed at 10st. 2lb., and are about 24 years of age. Mr. Innes was referee, Mr. Wilcox umpire for Murphy, and Tom Pocock for Russell. Betting 3 to 1 on Murphy, who had the best station. They made a good start amid a storm of wind and rain, and Russell held an advantage for 100 yards when Murphy gradually drew away, and, despite the gallant exertions of Russell, ultimately won easily. In the early part of the race a man fell overboard from Murphy's steamboat, and Captain Barrett determined rather to lose the view of the race than leave the man to perish, and he was fortunately saved.

MORNINGS WITH THE MAGISTRATES.

QUESTION OF POSSESSION.—On the morning of the 1st inst., at Bow-street, John Bert Rowbotham, William Stebbing, and Charles Windhurst, appeared to their ball on the charge of creating a disturbance at Cecil-street, Strand, forcing an entry into that house, and damaging some furniture, the property of Sergeant Ackrill, of the F division, who had been placed in possession of the premises. Mr. Nicholson, solicitor and agent to the Marquis of Salisbury, the owner of the house, conducted the case. Mr. Darby appeared for Rowbotham and Stebbing, and Mr. Paul for Windhurst. Mr. Nicholson, before proceeding with the case, said that even now there was no desire to press the case severely against the prisoners; and if they would sign an undertaking not to attempt any further interference with the property, he was willing, on behalf of the Marquis of Salisbury, to withdraw from the prosecution. Mr. Darby said his client Rowbotham, in right of his wife, claimed possession as a co-trustee of certain property, including a lease of these premises. The rent had been paid up or tendered to the Marquis's agent. An action of ejectment was brought, to which an appearance was entered, and the Marquis's agent never went on with the proceedings. Sergeant Ackrill, he alleged, was put in by Rowbotham, and was bound to give him possession when called upon. Mr. Vaughan said if anything of that sort was set up it would be as well to go further with the case; but he must say at once, even if Mr. Darby could clearly prove that his client was entitled to possession, that would not justify him in resorting to such measures to obtain it. Mr. Paul said his client (Windhurst) had only become mixed up with the matter in consequence of his having taken a lease from Rowbotham. He had no desire now to enforce any claim on the property, and would willingly sign any agreement that might be satisfactory to Mr. Nicholson. Mr. Nicholson was willing to withdraw the prosecution as against Windhurst on that condition; but Mr. Vaughan thought it best to hear the whole of the evidence first. Sergeant Ackrill was re-examined, and was corroborated by several witnesses. One of these, a man named Millard, a coppersmith, was originally placed in possession during Ackrill's temporary absence on duty, and afterwards remained jointly with that sergeant. He spoke to the throwing out of Ackrill's furniture through the windows into the street, and the destruction of a chest of drawers by striking with an axe. Other witnesses proved that the disturbance attracted a mob of about 200 people. Some of the mob entered the house, and assisted at the destruction of the property, at the instigation of Rowbotham and Windhurst, who said they would be responsible for everything. Mr. Paul renewed his application to the magistrate to allow the prosecution against Windhurst to be withdrawn, but Mr. Vaughan said there appeared to have been a serious breach of the peace, and he could not allow the matter to be arranged. The three prisoners must be committed for trial, but he would take the same bail as on the remand. They were committed accordingly.

At Bow-street police-court John Burgess, clerk to Mr. Jacobs, fruiterer, Covent-garden, was brought up on remand on several charges of stealing moneys entrusted to him by his master. Mr. Lewis, of Ely-place, prosecuted, and Mr. Abrams defended. A sum of £146 having been paid to the prisoner for the purpose of obtaining a bank-post bill for that amount to be forwarded to a fruit grower, in payment of an account, he absented himself from his employment for several days, and when he returned said he had been in bad company and had lost part of the money. He then had with him a £10 pound note and a bank post bill, which he had obtained for £116 instead of £146. Two additional cases were now proved against him. In one instance, being sent to obtain a bank-post bill for £506, he got one for £501, and forwarded it to the person to whom the amount was due. The receipt being forwarded by return of post, and the letter passing into his hands as clerk, he altered the figure "1" to "6," making it appear that he had remitted the full sum. In another case he had appropriated £6, which his master had given him to pay on account to Mr. Sharpe, of Covent-garden. Mr. Abrams said the prisoner had been many years in Mr. Jacobs's employ, and had hitherto conducted himself with integrity. Unfortunately he had got into bad company, and when under the influence of liquor had yielded to the temptation and committed this offence. As soon as he recovered himself he went back and gave up what money he had left, offering to make up the rest. He was committed for trial.

SERIOUS ACCUSATION AGAINST POLICEMEN.—At the Clerkenwell Police-court, Philip Huffman, aged 24, labourer, residing in Gray's Inn-road, was charged before Mr. Cooke, with being drunk and assaulting Mr. Robert Gilbert, licensed victualler, and the defendant was further charged with assaulting two police-constables, in the execution of their duty. The defendant's shirt was covered with blood, and his head was cut. Mr. Gilbert said he was a licensed victualler, and on the night previous the defendant and one of his companions were making a disturbance, and he was compelled to give the defendant into custody. The assault he complained of was the defendant pulling him by the shirt collar. Police-constable Gardiner said he was called to take the defendant into custody, and when he had gone a little way the defendant said, "Have you got a charge against me?" and on being told that he had not, he said, "Then you shall have one soon," and then he struck and kicked him. The defendant was so violent that it was found necessary to get assistance to convey him to the police-station; and when another constable came up he said that two of them should not take him, and then he kicked him in the thigh with such force that he (witness) fell. When he got up the defendant was on the top of the constable, and had his hands inside his stock, and the constable said he was being choked. He tried to remove the prisoner's hands, but failed in doing so, and then he drew his staff, and hit the defendant once on the arm and once on the back of the head. The defendant was very violent all the way to the police-station, and it took the assistance of four constables to get him there. The mob that followed to the police-station were very low, and they threatened to throw brickbats at him. Police-constable Faint, 454 A, said he went to the assistance of the previous witness, and when near the corner of Elm-street, defendant threw him with great force on the pavement, and then kicked him violently in the stomach. —Mr. William James Norman, of 5, Great Percy-street, Clerkenwell, said he saw the defendant in the King's-cross-road, and he was then very violent, and he saw him kick Police-constable Gardiner in the groin.—The defendant, in reply to the charge, said the police had knocked him about, and had rendered him insensible. He was not aware that he had ill-used the police; he had witnesses in attendance to show that the police had ill-used him.—A witness, residing near Oxford-street, and who said he was not known to the police nor to the defendant, stated that he saw Police-constable Gardiner knock the defendant about with the staff before the other constable went to his assistance. The constable rendered the defendant insensible by hitting him with his staff. After that he saw the same constable

kick him.—Mr. James Anderson, a compositor, said that on Sunday night, about ten o'clock, he was returning home, when he saw a mob assembled near his house, the two constables being there, and in the centre of them the defendant. This was just past Elm-street. The defendant seemed to be swerving about, and fell, and Police-constable 454 A fell on top of him. Then he saw Police-constable 127 G, with his truncheon in his hand, strike the defendant one blow across the head, which seemed to render the man helpless, but he still continued to strike the defendant all over the back portion of the head. He struck him at least from nine to a dozen times. When Police-constable 454 A had got up, and the defendant had got his head about four feet from the ground—the defendant's face being towards the ground—he saw 127 G strike him three or four blows on the face and mouth with his truncheon. (Sensation.) He requested the constable to desist, but he paid no attention to him or to the other persons that interfered. He did not see the constable strike the man after that. Many gentlemen interfered, and he should say that the defendant was lying on the ground in an insensible state for twenty minutes. All that time the man seemed to be insensible, and when he spoke some gentlemen suggested that he should be taken to the hospital, or to a surgeon's; but the constables declined to adopt that suggestion, saying that they knew their business best.—George Keeley, of 30, Winchester-street, Pentonville-road; Philip Huffman, father of defendant; and John Lyons, of 36, Portpool-lane, corroborated to a great extent the evidence given by the witness Anderson.—Mr. Cooke said that this was a case that would have to go to the Middlesex Sessions for trial, and therefore he should remand it for the completion of the depositions; but allowed the defendant to be at large on his father's recognizances.

The calendar at the Surrey Sessions contained the names of fifty-four prisoners for trial—fifty-two for felony, and two for misdemeanour. The status of education was as follows:—Fifteen could neither read nor write; six could only read; thirty-two could read and write imperfectly; and only one could read and write well.

There was a number of convictions on Saturday for the use of unjust weights and measures in the City. The following cases were disposed of at the Guildhall, the summonses being served by Messrs. Johnson and Ledger, the inspectors of weights and measures for the City of London:—Richard Smith, licensed victualler, Raglan Tavern, Aldersgate-street, two unjust measuring pots—fined 5s. and costs. Thomas Powell, coal merchant, Great Northern Railway, delivering coals in Aldersgate-street without having either weights or a weighing machine (fined on January 5, 1867, 40s.)—fined 40s. and costs. Thomas Brinkler, the driver of the wagon was cautioned. George Walton, coal merchant, Keepier Wharf, Ratcliffe, delivering coals in Old Fish-street from a wagon without proper weights—fined 5s. and costs. Messrs. Cole and Leigh, coal merchants, 103, Marylebone-road, delivering coals without weights or weighing machine—fined 10s. and costs. George Clarke, licensed victualler, Birdcage, Wood-street, two unjust measures—fined 5s. and costs. John Ray and John Ray, jun., coal merchants, Sun Wharf, Ratcliffe, selling coals without carrying weights—fined 5s. and costs. Thomas Toomey, the carman, was cautioned. James Gibbs, coal dealer, 68, Sun-street, summoned for eight unjust weights—fined 2s. 6d. and costs.

On Saturday John Manwell, a sub-postmaster at Woking, was taken before the county magistrates at Guildford charged with embezzling moneys amounting in the aggregate to considerable sum, the property of her Majesty's Postmaster-General. Two cases were gone into. In one, a labourer named John Chitty, had deposited £12 with the prisoner in the Post Office Savings Bank and had received the usual receipt in a book; but the prisoner only acknowledged a deposit of £2 to the head office. In another case John Collier, also a labourer, had called at the local office to deposit £40. The prisoner told him he could not deposit more than £30, but that he would himself take the other £10, and give him the same rate of interest as was given by the savings bank. He received the money, but did not even acknowledge the receipt of the £30 to the authorities. To different witnesses the prisoner admitted having used the money for his own purposes. He was committed for trial.

SCUTTLING THE SEVERN.

THE proceedings in this extraordinary case concluded on Monday last at the Central Criminal Court, by a most able address for the defence by the counsel for the prisoner Dean, who commenced by observing that he thought every one must be of opinion, who had heard the evidence, that the case of this prisoner was of an entirely different character to that of the other accused persons, and he said he hoped he should be able to satisfy them that, whatever might have been done by the other prisoners, that there was not a tittle of evidence to support the allegations made by the prosecution that Dean had any share in the crime—if crime had really been committed. He at the same time reminded them that if they should be of opinion that the case was not established against Holdsworth, of course there was an end of the case so far as Dean was concerned; but, without desiring to say a single word that was calculated to prejudice either of the other prisoners, he must, at the same time, observe that the jury would be perfectly justified in coming to the conclusion that Dean was innocent, while they might be compelled to come to a different conclusion as regarded Holdsworth. He then observed that during the whole of the negotiations between Smith, Simpson, and Co. the name of Dean was not even mentioned, and that, although it was suggested that Dean was the person who introduced Wood to Holdsworth, and induced him to become the fictitious owner of the vessel, the contrary was proved; for the evidence for the prosecution established that, in the first instance, Wood was only introduced to Holdsworth as a person who was likely to purchase some wine he had to dispose of. It was true that Dean had afterward signed some documents and copied others, but he admitted that there was nothing to show that he had done anything more than a clerk was justified in doing on behalf of his master; and he reminded the jury that when Captain Leyland went, in the first instance, to the office of Holdsworth, Dean, who was there in the capacity of the clerk of Holdsworth, was peremptorily ordered out of the room; and he put it to the jury, as men of the world and men of common sense, whether this would have been done if Dean had been a co-conspirator. The learned counsel then referred to the transaction relating to the sending of the salt in cases that were represented to contain firearms, and he observed that the whole of this proceeding appeared to have been carried out by Holdsworth and Pryde, and that down to the period when the cases were despatched from Liverpool the name of the prisoner Dean had not even been mentioned. If Dean had really been a co-conspirator, did they not think that, instead of Holdsworth having written to Boyde, and relied upon an epistolatory correspondence, which might have occasional serious mistake

in matters of such vital importance, he would not have sent Dean down to Liverpool, who could have given full instructions as to what was required to be done? They would not forget also that Dean had really been engaged in salt transactions, and that nothing was more probable than that Holdsworth had deceived Dean, and had induced him to believe that it was salt that was really sent to New York, and that he had made out the invoice, upon which so much stress had been laid by the Solicitor-General, in obedience to the orders of his master.

He then proceeded to elaborate the arguments he had formerly used at considerable length, the substantial defence being that the prisoner Dean was merely a dupe in the transaction.

At the conclusion of the speech of Mr. Ribton the learned judge proceeded to sum up the evidence.

The jury retired to consider their verdict.

They returned into court in about twenty minutes and gave a verdict of "Guilty" against all the prisoners, but recommended Dean to mercy on account of his having been under the influence of Holdsworth.

Holdsworth and Berwick were sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, Webb to ten years, and Dean to five years.

A POLYGLOT PLAY.

What say those lovers of the "gentle swan," who howl at the mildest mutilation of his works, when we inform them that a performance of "Othello" has recently been given at the Winter Garden, a theatre in New York, in which the part of the Moor was represented by a German, or rather by a Pole speaking German; Iago by an American citizen of English birth; Desdemona by a German lady who spoke English in some scenes and her vernacular in others; and Cassio by a German gentleman who spoke broken English? The performance seems to have called forth a great deal of comment, and the *Round Table* has the following humorous remarks upon it:—

"The Winter Garden *Othello* either went too far or not far enough. Since it was determined to make a mess of the tragedy, the better course would have been to out-Herod Herod and make a thorough dramatic *olla podrida* at once. The Duke should have been played by an Italian, or, better still, by a German speaking broken Italian, and Mr. Maretzki would no doubt have gladly volunteered for the occasion. Brabantio might well have been a full-blooded Milesian, and there is quite a choice among our city fathers for the role. Roderigo ought decidedly to have been acted by a Parisian, and the *jeune premier* of the late French Opera troupe would have fitted it to a nicety, his sense of humour being so singularly in advance of his sentiment. Cassio should have been undertaken by Chang-hi, of the stupendous American Tea Company, since his passion for the cup that cheers but not inebriates would have ensured his not over-acting the part. Desdemona might have been played in Tuscan, and Madame Ristori could have spared a very charming young lady for the occasion. Emilia, on the score of her abusive apostrophes, would have come in very tellingly in Low Dutch, and an incumbent could have been found within a block or two. As for the minor characters, they might have been effectively filled up in Portuguese and Kanaka, their being ships in port to supply the material; and, in compliment alike to the Moor and Massachusetts Legislature, the Venetian Senate might consist alternately of whites and blacks, thus carrying out the variety into the smallest details. If, by the way of conclusions, Mr. Manager Stuart could favour his audience with a recitation, say, of Shakespeare's *Seven Ages*, pronouncing the history of each poor frail man's mutations in a different language, the end would crown the work and establish his fame as an altogether unique caterer for a capricious if not altogether depraved public appetite."

OBITUARY.

Lord Grey died rather suddenly at Paris on the morning of Thursday, 31st ult.

The death of N. P. Willis is announced by a telegram from New York, dated 23rd January.

The French Vice-Admiral Page died in Paris on Sunday, the 3rd inst.

We have to record the death of Rear-Admiral Edward Iggleston Parry. He served with distinction in several engagements, and was entitled to medals. He attained the rank of captain in 1843.

We have to record the death of Mr. Walter Long, for many years M.P. for North Wilts—namely, from 1835 up to the last dissolution of Parliament. Mr. Long died on the 31st ult. at Torquay somewhat suddenly, after a short illness.

The colonelcy of the 53rd Foot has become vacant by the death of Major-General Charles W. Ridley, C.B. He had the Crimean medal, and was a member of the Legion of Honour. He was formerly of the Grenadier Guards, and commander of the Dublin district. He attained the rank of major-general in the army in 1859.

The death was announced on Monday morning of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Bayley, K.H. The deceased was the second son of Mr. Zachary Bayley, of Newark, and was born at Bath in 1790. He entered the army at an early age, and served with considerable distinction at Walcheren and Corunna. He received the honour of knighthood on the coronation of her Majesty.

FRESH OUTBREAK OF CATTLE PLAGUE.—The cattle plague has again broken out in the metropolis, and with great virulence. It is remarkable that the outbreak has occurred in the dairy of Mrs. Nicholls, Liverpool-road, Islington, where the recent devastating plague commenced. The first new case of the disease occurred on Monday last week, and on being reported to the authorities a notice was issued by the Metropolitan Board of Works declaring the premises "an infected place," in accordance with the provisions of the "Cattle Diseases Prevention Act, 1866." Immediate steps were taken by those in charge of the dairy to separate the healthy cattle from those which showed symptoms of the disease, but without any beneficial effect; for on Thursday week four additional cases occurred. The infected cattle were at once slaughtered by order of the inspectors, but the disease had taken root, and on Friday five more cows were attacked, and had to be destroyed. On Saturday seven additional cases occurred, and, fears being entertained of a further spread of the disease, it was decided at a meeting of the committee of the Metropolitan Board of Works, in whom power is vested in such cases, that all the animals on the premises, healthy or otherwise, should be destroyed. This order was at once carried into effect, and the entire of the stock in the dairy, consisting of forty-five cows and one bull, were slaughtered on Saturday evening. The carcasses of those which were diseased were ordered to be burned, and the others were sent to market after undergoing a rigid examination by the inspectors appointed for the purpose.

OUR VERY FUNNY MAN.

A PARODY.

By Nelson's monument in wonder dumb,
Britannia stared to see the lions come,
Ah, she is used to waiting many a day,
For jobs for which the nation has to pay.

'Twas in Trafalgar-square
We saw the lions, there,
Revealed to human ken.
They long had been a joke
With those unhappy folk
Who wield the comic pen.

Old Nelson marked them from his perch,
Where he for years has braved the smirch,
Of London, foul and sooty.
Along the Strand the murmur ran
England expects that Sir E. Lan-
dseer now has done his duty!"

CURIOUS!

Everybody has heard of a storm in a tea-cup,
but we learn from a recent trial at the Court of
Queen's Bench that there is a tempest in a jug
now.

A DRINKING SONG.—BY A TEETOTALER.
Talk of the nectar that flowed for Celestials,
Richer in headaches it was than hilarity!
Will for us animals—frequently bestials—

Hebe destroyed the receipt as a charity!
Since I could empty my glass with the best of
em—

Somewhat my system has suffered a shock o'
late,
Now I shun spirits, wine, beer, and the rest of
'em—

Fill me—then fill me a bumper of chocolate!

Once I drank logwood and quassia and turpen-
tine—

Liquors with coccus, aloes, and gentian in.
Sure, it's no wonder my path became serpentine,
Getting a state, I should blush now to mention,
in!

Farewell to Burgundy, farewell to Sillery!
I have not tasted a drop e'en of Hock o' late.
Long live the kettle, my only distillery!
Fill me—oh, fill me a bumper of chocolate!

SPRITES WITHOUT SPANGLES.

THROW me a somersault, Jack, my lad,
It's down in the dumps I feel,
My limbs are cramped and my side is bad,
And its little to eat for weeks I've had,
But I fancy a tumble would make me glad,
Jack, spin me a Catherine wheel.

The music hall on those Christmas nights,
And the jingling, clattering peal,
When you and I in spangles and tights,
As Signor Jacobi and son, the sprites,
Went tumbling over before the lights,
Would come back with that Catherine wheel.

It's months ago since I backward fell,
A cripple from head to heel,
Taking my leap for the second spell,
When the pole snapped short, and I've heard
them tell,
I came crashing down with a—tears, Jack?—
well,

Spin me that Catherine wheel.

It's months ago since I here was brought—
It's days since I tasted a meal,
Our money has gone and I've sometimes thought,
You, Jack, don't bring home as much as you
ought;
But as some return for the tricks I've taught,
Jack, spin me a Catherine wheel.

A shilling a night—why, many a chap
Could do with that sum a deal;
Yet it's two months since I have seen a rap,
And—Jack, what's this? another mishap!
A fortnight ago got crushed in a trap!
Poor lad! Life's a Catherine wheel!—Fun.

THE LASH.

REGARDING that most ignominious of British institutions, the lash, it has been remarked that (waiving the more important question of the moral degradation of its victims) the physical results apparent to the naked eye are not a sufficient gauge of the intensity of the punishment or of the changes produced in the tissues of the body. There is, first, the direct injury to the skin—the laceration and bruising of its structure—which appears to be of no very great importance. Then there is the shock to the system, which is easily recovered from where the flogging is moderate in amount. Then, thirdly, there is the feeling of pain; but after a while the sensibility of the surface becomes deadened, so that the acutest pain is felt at the early part of the punishment; and when that is very severe—say, when a hundred or more lashes are given—the pain is much lessened in severity. The subsequent reaction, no doubt, is much more horrible. Fourthly (and this is the important point), there is spasm of the whole of the muscles of the back, especially the deep ones. It is an involuntary contraction, that becomes, in instances of excessive flogging, so violent as to tear asunder the fibres of the muscles, especially of those that are deeply seated. After a time, subsequent to the punishment, this may be repaired; but inflammation is likely to

follow, and the muscle becomes soft, pulpy, an disorganized. Serious results, however, are on to be apprehended in the abuse of flogging. A couple of dozen lashes produce no ill effects of the kind; and it is satisfactory to be able to affirm that the working powers of the criminal, which ought to render his incarceration remunerative, are only crippled for a few days. Where a severe flogging is needed, the quantum should be doled out in small batches of lashes, and spread over a greater or less period. It is also preferable in every way to flog the buttocks rather than the back or loins, because the important organs that underlie the latter are liable to be injured; and the "ratan" is for many reasons better than the "cat."

YANKEE DIGNITARIES.—A charming scene lately occurred at the Board of Councilmen, New York. Mr. James Brinkman contrived that he should be elected President of the Board for the year '67. At the next meeting there was a row of course, in anticipation of which a gang of ruffians and some policemen were in attendance in the lobby. Mr. Councilman Stacom commenced the proceedings by calling the President a perjurer. Mr. Councilman Hartman called the President a perjurer, a scoundrel, and a rascal. Mr. Councilman James Long threw an inkstand at the President's head; it struck the desk and splashed the ink up into his face. Much bad language was then made use of, in the midst of which the President was observed furtively drawing a Derringer revolver from his coat pocket. This was the signal for a general fight. The ruffians and the police entered together pell-mell, and finally the President was carried before the Mayor. Mr. Brinkman, on being charged with having a pistol in his possession, replied that his life had been threatened, and that on his representing the case to Judge Hogan, the Judge had told him that he might carry a weapon for the purpose of defending himself. The Mayor replied that Judge Hogan had no right to give him such permission. He then turned to Mr. Long, who alleged as the provocation which he had received that the President would not entertain any motion from the democratic members of the Board, that motion being that he (the President) was a perjurer, &c. The Mayor then reproved them gravely, and made them promise that there should be no further quarrel between them. Mr. Long magnanimously promised that he would not throw any more inkstands, but declared that he would not speak to the perjurer, than whom, he said, there were many better men in Sing-Sing prison; an observation which might be applied with equal justice to other municipal dignitaries in New York.

Admiral Lord Howe, when a captain, was once hastily awakened in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him with great agitation that the ship was on fire near the magazine. "If that be the case," said he, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, "we shall soon know it." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and almost instantly returning exclaimed, "You need not, sir, be afraid, the fire is extinguished."—"Afraid!" exclaimed Howe, "what do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life;" and looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, "Pray, how does a man feel, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks?"

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37.—The Last Kiss		DEC.
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